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RUSSELL'S MAGAZINE.

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THE EDINBURG REVIEWER REVIEWED.

THE EDINBURG REVIEW, NO. 212, OCTOBER, 1856.

AN article on American Parties, from an English pen, in a leading British Quarterly, naturally commands attention with the American people, when the same remarks, in a Journal or Review of their own, would receive and be entitled to none. In the first case, the writer's sentiments claim authority, as offered by one at a distance from the scene of excitement, and occupying a more commanding stand-point; in the other, they would be disregarded as those of a heated and prejudiced partisan. Independently, then, of any supposed or real undue sensibility of our citizens in reference to their reputation for morals or manners, comments upon them, from abroad, and from home, are different things in character and value. The article, in the November number of the Edinburg Review, on the Political Crisis in the United States, professes to be one of these, and is, in fact, the other. It is, therefore, a flagrant issue of counterfeit coin. It is what is called, in the refined lan-

guage of Congressional debate, a bogus paper. It seeks to obtain credit under false pretences. The author is an utterer of spurious and base money.

In former times, this sort of literary imposture was visited with rebuke and contempt. Poor Chatterton was hunted to death, by Walpole and others, because he published his beautiful poetry in the name of an old Monk who lived 200 years before him. Lauder was forced by Dr. Johnson to make an humble apology to the public for palming upon them his own productions as those of another person, with a view to injure the reputation of Milton as a poet. The culprit was driven from his country, and died in degraded obscurity. But here we have a man practising the same kind of simulation, not harmlessly, like Chatterton, nor, like Lauder, to assail the reputation only of a poet, but with the design to traduce and revile, before the European world, the character and condition of his own nation.

If the fraud, in any shape, is disgraceful, what does it become when its purpose is to make the writer's countrymen contemptible or hateful to a kindred people. In the great world-battle among nations for honest fame, he is a traitor to the cause of his country. Whatever an American may do at home, he should know, when abroad, neither North nor South, East nor West of his own country; but this gentleman creeps into a foreign Review, to exasperate and magnify their differences. What punishment is adequate for such an offence? If, after, the old custom, he was compelled to do penance, before the public eye, in a white sheet, for such a prostitution of talent, it would be the least penalty deserved. The pillory has been inflicted for a smaller crime.

But we have changed all that. We no longer live under the wholesome influences of Lauder's sturdy old Moralist. It is no longer the fashion to judge a bird to be an ill bird that takes indecent liberties with its own nest, and fraud has become an institution. It has its heroes like Schuyler and Huntington. It is no longer a vice, but a disease. The gentlemen of the law have discovered, with the ingenuity that naturally springs from the indiscriminate defence of right and wrong, that even forgery is not villainy, but moral insanity; and our author is only slightly afflicted with a prevailing malady.

In the midst of all this gigantic roguery, it would be an Old World scruple to make much ado about a mere literary cheat, if it pays the author well, or to censure the libelling of one's country, when to do so has become the most ready introduction to notice abroad and applause at home. The time has gone by for treating with scorn or contempt these petty larcenies on

public confidence or common decency; but, in future, when we meet, in a foreign Journal or Review, with abuse on the Southern States, particularly systematic in its form, minute in its details, and virulent in its tone, we may at once ascribe it to the malignity which is nursed, not in Edinburgh or London, but in Boston and New York.

Setting aside these antiquated considerations of truthfulness and fidelity to one's country and people, we shall proceed to the arguments and statements of the Reviewer. These are so absurd on the one hand, and so much at variance with the whole scope of our history on the other, as to be worthy of the spirit alone that produced them.

We will pass the less important topics, and take up the leading principle only, which forms the frame-work of the article. The Reviewer asserts that there has been a change in the policy of the Government since 1789; that all Parties, at that time, North and South, were opposed to slavery and wished its destruction; that its extension was expected and desired, "neither by Southern men nor by Northern men"; that this policy was formally proclaimed as that of the nation; that it has been reversed by the management or violence of the slaveholders, against the will of the country; that the same violence or intrigue has committed continued aggressions on the North, and driven it at last to the verge of revolution.

We assert, on the other hand, that no such policy or design, respecting slavery, ever existed in the country, under the old Government, nor under the *present Constitution*; that the Southern States were always jealous of their rights of property; that ample provision was made for the extension of slavery

when it was made for the expansion of the Northern Population; that the assumptions of the North, in reference to what is called slavery extension, are at variance with the whole practice of the Government, from the Revolution to 1820; and that the supposed aggressions by the South on the North are chimeras only of imaginations heated by the fires of party violence.

We will dispose, in advance, of one topic in relation to the question which makes a large part of the staple of the writer's argument, and which is frequently adverted to in Congressional speeches by Northern members. The opinions of the great men of the Revolution, we are told, were adverse to slavery. Mr. Jefferson has become a favorite statesman with the Abolition orators, and his opinion is perpetually quoted as overwhelming authority. Formerly, he was denounced in New York and New England as an arch Jacobin and preacher of false and dangerous principles in Morals, Politics, and Religion; now he is recognized there as the great Apostle of Freedom. But whatever his opinions may have been, or whatever their authority, now or of old, our discussion concerns not the sentiments of individuals, but the action of States. We must judge of the temper of the times by the proceedings of Congresses, Legislatures, and Conventions; not from the speculations of writers or speakers, however distinguished. These were various then as they are now. If Mr. Jefferson held opinions which Mr. Wilson, Hr. Hale, and the Reviewer are ready to adopt and enforce, Mr. Adams expressed others that are equally decided the other way. We will quote them, to show the difference between the sound sense of Revolutionary Massachusetts, and the speculations of

Massachusetts in 1856—between Mr. Sumner and Mr. Adams.

In 1775, during the debate on the 9th article of the old Confederacy, proposing population, including slaves, as the basis of taxation, an objection was started by the Southern members. They thought that slaves should not be regarded as population. The Northern members judged differently. Among them was Mr. Adams.

Mr. Adams said, "that it was of no consequence by what name you call your people, whether by that of freemen or of slaves; that in some countries the laboring poor were called freemen; in others, they were called slaves; but the difference to the State was imaginary only. What matters it whether a landlord, employing ten laborers on his farm, gives them annually as much money as will buy the necessities of life, or gives them those necessities at short hand? The ten laborers add as much wealth annually to the State, increase the exports as much in one case as in the other. Five hundred freemen produce no more profits, no greater surplus for the payment of taxes than five hundred slaves. * * * Suppose, by an extraordinary operation of Providence, or of law, one half of the laborers of a State could, in the course of a night, be transferred into slaves, would the State be made the poorer? The condition of the laboring poor in most countries, that of the fishermen particularly in the Northern States, is as abject as that of slaves. * * * How does the Southern farmer procure slaves? Either by importation or by purchase. If he imports a slave, he adds one to the number of laborers in the country; if he buys from his neighbor, it is only the transfer of a laborer from one farm to another, which does not

change the production of the State. * * A slave may, from the custom of speech, be more properly called the wealth of his master, than the free laborer can be called the wealth of his employer, but as to the State, both are its wealth."

These remarks embrace the whole philosophy of the subject. They certainly imply no disposition in the speaker to join in a crusade against slavery. They are commended to the notice of the good people of New England, and they should convince the Reviewer that he has committed the mistake, common in historical disquisitions, of imputing to a former time the humors and passions of one's own.

To ascertain the general opinion of the Revolutionary period, we must look to the debates of the old Confederacy, of which Mr. Adams' speech makes a part. There is no trace to be found in them of any thing approaching, in the most distant manner, to the ferocious and insane declamation so fashionable now. Slavery at that time was common in the States. The North knew then what slaves are, and would not have submitted for a moment to the nonsense that is current on that subject at present in both Houses of Congress. To interfere with the rights of the Southern men, to insult their homes, or assail their feelings, never, at that period, entered into the heart of a Northern man. So scrupulously careful were the members from the North on this score, that the clause was stricken from the Declaration of Independence, in the original draft, which contained a denunciation of the trade in slaves, carried on by England with her Colonies, because, it was thought, reflections on the subject might be offensive or disagreeable to Southern men. Slavery was never made a subject

of debate, day after day, as it is at present. Except incidentally or collaterally, it never was discussed at all. When, in the Conventions or Legislatures of the Southern States, vigilant or suspicious members expressed doubts whether their property in slaves might not be assailed, they were not told that slavery was proscribed by general consent as the national policy; that it was to be modified or cease; and that therefore there was no reason to be tenacious about future events or measures respecting it. They were answered by being assured that there was no design any where to interfere with their rights of property at all. The extension of their population, of whites and blacks, into new territory was one of those rights. We will proceed to show not only that it was not resisted, as it is now, but that it was unanimously assented to and amply provided for.

The measure continually appealed to, by the opponents of slavery, as settling conclusively the early policy of the country against the extension of slavery, is the ordinance of 1787. We will trace the history of the measure, and show that it proves the very reverse of their opinion to be true. The extension of slavery was clearly understood to be amply provided for at the time that the ordinance was passed. The provision for the extension of the Southern population, like that for the Northern population, was acquiesced in alike by all parties on that occasion. The settled policy proclaimed at the time was, equal justice to both sections of the Union.

It is a common error to suppose that the controversy about the public lands, during the Revolution, their cession, and the rules adopted for their regulation, turned altogether or mainly on the subject of

slavery. The controversy had in truth nothing to do with slavery. It arose from the disposition, in some of the States, to monopolize then, as others are wishing to do now, the whole Territory of the United States. The States claiming it, asserted a right to what were called the back lands as being within their chartered limits. The other States denied the right. They declared that the disputed Territory had been won from Great Britain by the common efforts of the States, and was therefore the common property of the States. The dispute was one of the most serious that prevailed in our Revolutionary counsels.—Maryland was so determined in asserting her rights, that she refused for a long time to sign the articles of confederation; nor were her Delegates permitted, by her, to sign them, until March, 1781, when the cessions from the claiming States had been partially made. The chief cessions were to the lands north of the Ohio. They were made by New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Virginia. The N. W. Territory was claimed by all these States, and not by Virginia alone. Congress had decided, indeed, that the right of New York was the best of them all. Conditions of various kinds were annexed to the deeds of cession. Connecticut reserved a part of her claim.—But no deed of cession contained any general proscription against the extension of slavery. The cessions made were accepted by Congress in 1784. Mr. Jefferson, as Chairman of a Committee, introduced an ordinance for the general regulation of the Territory. Among the articles of the ordinance was one excluding slavery from all the lands “ceded and to be ceded” by the States to the United States. The lands to “be ceded” were those south of the Ohio. The ar-

ticle concerning slaves, in reference to these lands, was not demanded from any Northern quarter. It was introduced without special instructions from Mr. Jefferson’s State. It was against the opinion of his colleague. Although naturally enough acquiesced in or supported by the Northern States, it received the vote of no Southern State, and the measure failed.

The Reviewer here remarks with singular sagacity, that *if* the ordinance had succeeded, slavery would have been excluded, not only from the North-West, but from all the Territory then owned by the United States. Without doubt there is much virtue in an “*if*.” It affords an area ample enough for innumerable castles in Spain. If the skies fall we shall catch larks. If the ordinance had passed without change, the Reviewer would be right; now he is wrong. If the thirteen States had continued to be slaveholding States, there would be no disputes respecting slavery. If the ordinance had not passed at all, the territory north of the Ohio might now be slaveholding States.

The ordinance did pass, however, in 1787. But it was adopted with this important modification. The restriction respecting slavery was confined to the lands north of the Ohio. In this form it was accepted unanimously, the Southern States voting for it because, as the historian Hildreth observes, they thereby secured for themselves all the back lands south of the Ohio, to the 31st degree of latitude, and west, to the Mississippi. If the adoption of the ordinance, in relation to the lands north of the Ohio, was significant on the one hand, the rejection of it, in relation to the territory south of that river, was equally significant on the other. It resulted in an equal division of the public territory between the

two sections of the country. In addition to the large extent of Virginia and Georgia, the one partially settled, the other almost a wilderness, the two comprising a number of square miles equal to New England, New York, and New Jersey together, the whole country comprising the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, was thus secured, by the general acquiescence, to the slaveholding population. To that of the North was assigned the North-Western Territory, and this the more equitably, because three of the Northern States had made claims to a part or to the whole.

The proclamation of a national policy adverse to slavery, which the Reviewer fancies, resulted in a provision for its extension, and in a just and equal division of the whole country between free labor and slave labor. The history, then, of the transactions that ended in the ordinance of 1787, establishes these facts, that the claims of certain States to a monopoly of the public territories, was abandoned to the remonstrances of their sister States; that the territory was admitted to be common property; that it was fairly divided between the North and the South. In a word, the policy adopted was the very reverse of that now so eagerly pursued by the Northern people.

This is equally true, whether we regard the devotion of the North-West to the interests of free labor, as made by Virginia, or by the Congress of 1787. If made by Virginia, it must be remembered that when she yielded the lands north of the Ohio, she expressly asserted her right to retain what was south of that river; when she gave a part of her domain to the white population of the North, she preserved a part also for her mixed population of whites and blacks. If the

appropriation of the North-West to free labor was the work of Congress, then, considered, as it must be, in connection with the whole history of the measure, it amounts to an equitable compromise and a fair adjustment of the conflicting interests of the Northern and Southern sections of the United States. This is all that the South now asks, and this is what the North now attempts or desires to refuse.

The Reviewer indeed admits all this, since he admits that territory was left open to slavery by what he calls the limitations of the ordinance. "The slaveholding party in the South," he says, "resolved to add Louisiana to the territory which had been left open to slavery by the limitations of the North-West ordinance." He thus contradicts himself in a breath. While, at one time, he asserts that slavery was denounced by the national policy, he admits, at another, that the extension of slavery was provided for by the very measure which is said to denounce it. The ordinance of 1787, he declares, was a proclamation against slavery; the modifications of the ordinance, he confesses, left ample room for its progress.

All that is demanded by the South now is, that the States should continue to do with the public territory what was done with it in 1787—admit it to be common property; divide it as common property; leave an equal portion of it open to the extension of slavery, or, to speak more properly, to the extension of the mixed population of the South, as was done by the limitations of the North-West ordinance. Continue the policy of the Government, or of the States, as it was at the beginning. The Reviewer tells us that the early Republic was anti-slavery—pursue then its mode of distributing the public

lands, and the country will no longer be convulsed by the tricks of demagogues, and the passions of self-righteous abolition reformers.

The ordinance of 1787, if properly understood, will be regarded as a concession, by the South, to the necessities, rather than the prejudices or opinions of the Northern people. Whatever the personal views or opinions of Mr. Jefferson, or of other friends to the measure, may have been, the Delegates of the Southern States saw in the N. W. Territory the only outlet for the growing population of the Northern States; they had ample space for their own; and they yielded the North-West to Northern emigration with a liberality far more common, in their public conduct, than in that of Northern politicians now, whatever it may have been in the days of the Revolution. Then, a Southern State yielded, for the advantage of the North, all its claims to the immense region north and west of the Ohio. Now, we see the Northern States, to whom the benefits of the cession accrued, disregarding every principle of equity and justice, and wishing to withhold, under flimsy pretences, every acre of the public territory from the people of the South. Stript of these false pretences, the policy of the Northern States is nothing less than to monopolize the common property of the nation, to cripple the strength and circumscribe the limits and growth of the Southern States—a policy the reverse of that adopted and universally approved under the old Confederacy.

The policy and principles settled under that Government, in 1787, prevailed equally under the new Constitution. When it was proposed to re-model and improve the Government of the Revolution, and the States sent Delegates to the

Convention assembled for that purpose, they said nothing in their credentials respecting slavery. In the various plans of government submitted by Hamilton, Patterson, Pinckney, and Randolph, there was no denunciation against it. Among the State Conventions, where amendments without number were adopted or suggested from all quarters, no amendment hinted at a proscription of slavery extension. The Northern States agreed to restore fugitives, held to labor, at the requisition of their Southern masters. The North consented to the extension of the slave trade with Africa, for twenty years, because two States only thought that they needed an additional number of slaves, and required twenty years to obtain them. The present Government began its career in 1789. In the next year a new slave State was added to the Union. Other slave States were admitted from time to time. They equalled in number the new free States. The fair and equal policy between North and South, established in 1787, continued to be the undisputed policy of the Federal Government and of the whole country.

In the quotation above, respecting the limitations of the ordinance, the purchase of Louisiana is represented to have been a scheme of the slaveholders for their own advantage, in opposition, as usual, to the whole power and policy of the nation. It was a project of Mr. Jefferson, an anti-slavery man, for the extension of slavery—for adding new territory to that left open for the slaveholders by the limitations of the ordinance of 1787. If this be so, what does it prove but that the people of the Union were not opposed, at either time, to the extension of slavery! To assert that the measure was a sort of *coup d'état* of the slaveholding oli-

garchy, is merely absurd; to admit it to be the work of the nation, for the purpose assigned by the Reviewer, is to admit that his speculations in reference to the supposed anti-slavery temper of the Republic are not only unsupported by his facts, but opposed to them. If his theory of the purchase be true, his conclusions are adverse to his premises. Like Swift's logician,

"His arguments directly tend,
Against the side he would defend."

If it is not true, he falsifies the evidence of history.

His theory is not true. It is at variance with the annals of the times. The purchase of Louisiana was not devised by slaveholders for their selfish purposes, nor was it carried out by their domineering influence. It was the measure of the country, of the whole West especially. Slavery had nothing to do with this great national measure. Every true statesman of the Union had long and anxiously desired the command of the Mississippi. Great efforts had been made, during the Revolution, to obtain from Spain a right to the navigation and outlet of the river. When the treaty was at last made, by which not this right only, but the whole country was acquired from France, it was sustained by every sound statesman in the country. Objections were made by them to the constitutionality of the treaty, but none to its expediency. These objections were overruled, and by no one more readily than by leading men in the Northern States. But from no quarter was any opposition made to the treaty, as being the measure of the Southern slaveholders for their own ends. Even Mr. Quincy, whose denunciations and prophecies the Reviewer quotes with admiration, but which every

other man must look back upon with a smile only at their extravagance—even Mr. Quincy placed his enmity to the purchase on another footing. It was designed, as he thought, to draw closer the bonds between America and France, to the detriment of England and the Federal Party. This was the sin of the treaty. It was Jefferson the Jacobin, and not Jefferson the friend of slaveholders, that was proscribed by Mr. Quincy and his friends. This was the reason that induced them to inaugurate Nullification, and to proclaim the virtual dissolution of the Union.

It turned out, however, that it was the Federal Party only that was dissolved; and it was the narrow policy of the Eastern section of that Party, in reference to this and other measures, that prostrated it forever.

In conformity with these narrow views, but for a reason peculiarly his own, the Reviewer joins Mr. Quincy in condemning the purchase of Louisiana. It was the step which, he says, "turned the anti-slavery Republic of Washington into a Republic of freemen ruled by slaveholders." In what, let us ask, did the Republic of Washington differ from that of Madison, or Monroe, or Jackson? During the whole course of Washington's administration the extension of slavery was promoted by the admission of new slave States into the Union; by the importation of African slaves from Africa; by the restoration of fugitive slaves to their owners, without the interference, by word or deed, of mob, magistrate, or legislative enactments. No abuse of slaveholders in public harangues, was heard in Congress or out of Congress. If any feeble attempt was made to disturb the peace and mutual respect prevailing, it was unheard or disregarded. Is it not

evident from all this, that the anti-slavery feeling of the country has been the growth of modern times, and is utterly at variance with the spirit and policy of Washington's administration and the sentiments of Revolutionary councils?

If the Reviewer's notion of the early Republic, and its temper and opinions, and the motives which induced the purchase of Louisiana, be at variance with history and truth, his account of the agencies that produced the change in the character of the Government is still more extraordinary. Nothing in the *Edinburg Review* resembles it since the time when Smith and Jeffrey agreed to cultivate the Muses on a little oatmeal—*Musas meditamur avena*. It is not an absurdity merely, it is curiously and elaborately absurd.

The whole policy of the Union, it seems, was overturned by a handful of slaveholders. In 1850 they amounted, according to the census, to 350,000. The Reviewer discredits the census, questions the integrity of its compiler, and reduces the number to 100,000 only. At that time the voters of the United States were 3,000,000. The small oligarchy of slaveholders have not only ruled the non-slaveholders of the Southern States, but they have reduced to "practical vassalage" the two millions of voters in the Northern States also. They have done this in the face of all the great men of the country, the A's, and B's, and C's, &c., &c. While they do this, they treat their own people with contempt, and scorn them as "trash." They are arrogant and overbearing to those of the North. The Northern people, immensely superior in number, "are immeasurably the richest, the best educated, the most thoroughly civilized;" they are superior to those of the South "in population,

wealth, cultivation, popular education, and in the practice of free institutions." In the absence of every instrument of power, without numbers, money, intelligence, or influence, a handful of slaveholders have subjected to their will three millions of their fellow-citizens, armed at once with the musket and the ballot-box. We will not discuss such a proposition. It would be contemptuous to the reader. To attempt to disprove the assertion that two and two are equal to five, would be as absurd as to make it. The wonder is, that the *Edinburg Review* should consent to circulate an opinion so false and foolish on the face of it. What would its Editor think of the man's sanity who should assert that *Edinburg* ruled not only all Scotland, but England and Ireland besides, "with a daily increasing influence," to their constant injury, with so despotic a temper as to drive the whole Empire to the verge of revolution? And yet the proposition would not be so amazing as that already expressed in the *Review*. With a population as great as the slaveholders, the old Scotch Capital has vigor and enterprise, learning and genius, courage and perseverance, virtue and religion. The slaveholders have nothing. They are without intelligence, wealth, morals, or influence of any sort. The slaveholder has no greater vote at the polls, than the man who builds his barn. There is no sympathy between him and any body. He treats scornfully his poorer neighbors in the South. He regards the Northern people with disdain. He assails their "constitutional freedom," and leaves them "the forms of a free government instead of the substance." He drives peaceable men like Chief Justice Parker to talk of Bunker's Hill, of the paternal blood shed

there, and the "little more of the same sort left to begin, if necessary, a new Revolution." All this terrible condition of affairs is brought about by the insolent domination of a few slaveholders. The oppression of a small people by a great one is intelligible; but by what marvellous contrivance do the hundred control the million; the weak, the strong; the foolish, the wise; the poor, the rich; the 100,000 unprincipled and ignorant slaveholders, the 23,000,000 with whom they are associated?

We are not told what the aggressions are which the South is charged with committing on the North, and which have driven sedate men like Dana and Parker to the desperate counsels they are prepared to adopt. We will endeavor, therefore, to give very briefly an account of the injuries of which they complain. The injuries will be found to be quite as anomalous as the causes to which they are ascribed.

The first in order of these aggressions on the rights and interests of the North, was the act of the Government, imposing a large bounty on their fisheries. The unfortunate fishermen of New England were obliged, in this way, by the interposition of the Federal Government, to carry on their business, on a large and systematic plan, for furnishing salted fish, not only to the slaveholders of the Southern States, but to their neighbors also of the West India Islands. Millions of dollars have been expended from the public treasury for this purpose; thousands of vessels have been sent to sea, and large cities have been built by these aggrieved people, in the most sterile region of Massachusetts.

About the same time, a similar act of the Government, in the nature of a navigation law, imposed upon the North the great burthen of carrying on the whole coasting

trade of the nation. No foreign vessels are permitted to assist them. It is by virtue of this law, that every winter the sloops and schooners of New England are found in southern rivers, carrying the rice and cotton of the planters to Savannah, Charleston, and other cities. They are allowed to go home in the summer, but, with the first flight of ducks in autumn, they return to the rivers of the South.

A similar law compels the North, to the exclusion of all other nations, to do the ship-building of the United States. If a Southern merchant wants a ship, the law will not allow him to impose the task of building it on a foreign workman. The Northern shipwrights furnish everything. Not only so, but the northern States are known to construct every year, for the General Government of the slaveholders, by their order and for their advantage, steam ships and other vessels of war, requiring enormous expenditures of money and labor. Nor is this all. By a high tariff of duties prohibiting foreign interference, the manufacturers of the North have been forced to supply the South with shoes and woollens for the slaves, with cotton goods, carriages, salt, iron, and a thousand other commodities. Even knowledge itself is not excepted, and northern printers and publishers are obliged to furnish the South with continued re-prints of foreign books, at an enormous cost.

It is a singular fact in the history of these aggressive measures, by the South, on the North, that the slaveholders have perpetually denounced them as injurious to themselves also. They are so little satisfied, that they have gone to the length of Justice Parker and Mr. Quincy, and talked very strongly of nullification and disunion, and the hereditary blood shed at King's Mountain and Fort

Moultrie, places which they seem to think as important and significant as Bunker's Hill. They profess to think that the bounties, direct or indirect, on catching fish, building ships, and spinning cotton, are bounties paid to classes at the expense of the whole country; and that there is no more merit in spinning cotton than in cultivating it. One of these producers of cotton went so far as to attempt to persuade the cotton-growers of the South that they were heavily taxed for the exclusive benefit of Northern manufacturers. He maintained that for this end only, every farmer who sent one hundred bales of cotton to market, was deprived of forty, by a tariff imposing a duty of forty per cent. on cotton goods. The farmer would export his cotton to Liverpool, and invest its proceeds in cotton goods. On their arrival in New York, forty per cent. would be demanded by the Custom House. Whether this forty in the hundred was taken from the cotton in Charleston or the cotton goods in New York, could make no substantial difference. If told that his forty per cent. would be returned by the consumer in the enhanced price of his goods, he replied that he was not disposed to run that risk by a trick of the Government, and that he was entitled to receive, for the goods for which he had exchanged his hundred bales of cotton, all that the consumer was prepared to pay under any circumstances. It may be, that this forty bale theory was an extraordinary mistake, but surely it cannot be so wonderful an error as the notion of the North that the measures of the Federal Government have been constant aggressions on its rights and interests.

It is in truth to the measures of the Federal Government that the prosperity and wealth of the

Northern States may be directly and clearly traced. We deny nothing that can be said of Northern enterprise and industry, but their efforts would have fallen far short of their present success, but for the bounties and encouragements of the General Government. Without tariffs and navigation laws and bounties on fisheries, what would now be the condition of the North? Progressive, without doubt, but not as at present. They are never weary of boasting that they have a majority over the South of six millions. Where did they get it? The whole majority has been obtained from European emigration. They claim a majority of six millions. Nearly five millions of emigrants from the Old World, to say nothing of their natural increase, have been poured into the Northern States in the last half century. The wealth that they brought with them, the labor, the learning, the improved mechanical skill, have all contributed to the rapid advancement of the Northern States. This immense emigration, which alone accounts for their boasted majority, is the direct result of the navigation laws of the Union. These laws have built up, in the cities of the North, an immense commercial marine. It is there that the emigrant ships are owned. The emigrants go where they are most easily and cheaply carried, and the whole current of foreign population has thus come, by the natural and necessary operation of the navigation laws, to make up the boasted majority of the Northern people. There was no such disparity in the emigration to the North and to the South, before the revolution, when emigrants were carried in British ships. Nor was there any such difference in the comparative progress of the two sections of the country, when English laws bore

equally, if oppressively, on them both.

Thus it appears, that while the slaveholders have contrived, by some preternatural power, to dominate in the Government "with increasing influence," they have been led, by the trickery of the demon that helps them, to adopt measures that injure themselves and promote the prosperity only of the aggrieved and complaining North. They have benefitted everybody to their own injury.

Not content with the aggressive measures of the slaveholders, as evidence of their seizing the Government and overturning or directing its policy, the Reviewer adduces another proof of its truth. They monopolize all the offices. Let us take the highest as an example. They have filled the Presidential Chair, to the exclusion almost of everybody else. They have been Presidents, because they were slaveholders only.

The vulgar opinion is, that Washington was selected by the popular voice on account of certain eminent qualities which made him the foremost man of his country, in war or peace, with whom no other man is compared, or is comparable, either as statesman or soldier; neither Hamilton, the lawyer and financier, nor Greene, the successful general; nor any other in the whole history of the nation, or of the age. But this vulgar opinion is a vulgar error. Washington was elected President because he was a slaveholder. Jefferson too was indebted to this cause only for his occupation, during eight years, of the executive office. Although an opponent of slavery, he became President for no other reason but because he held slaves. These two, with Madison, Monroe, and Jackson, occupied the office of President for forty years, nearly

two-thirds of the time since the formation of the Government. But they owed their elevation to no revolutionary services, nor to any distinguished military achievement. They were slaveholders, and the non-slaveholders of the nation elected them to office for that reason solely. It is the most curious fact in history. But we have no space to pursue any farther the mis-representations or mis-apprehensions of the Reviewer.

It is not true, then, as the Reviewer pretends to say, that the policy of the early republic was hostile to the extension of slavery. The extension of slavery was provided for then, as the South thinks it should be now, by an equitable division of the public territory. New slave States were added to the Union under the administration of Washington. They have been admitted continually ever since. They have grown from six to fifteen in number. If any policy of the Government can be considered settled and uniform, it is the policy of extending slavery to new territory. The present Northern sentiment on the subject, is one of modern growth and foreign origin.

It is not true that a half-educated, half-civilized and feeble class of slaveholders, have seized and rule the Government, against the will of millions. The assertion is unintelligible. Either the slaveholders are immeasurably superior to their competitors in intellect, in dignity, purity, and force of character, or their holding the rule of the country is an impossibility.

It is not true that the measures of the Government have been a series of aggressions on the North by the South. The measures of the Federal Government have been shaped, from the beginning, to promote the welfare of the Northern States. It is from these measures

that their prosperity springs. The great and marvelous Northern industry, which is so often boasted of, as compared with that of the South, has been carefully and continually nursed, dandled, and fed with the pap from the national treasury, by the national Government, while that of the South has asked nothing and wants nothing. The cotton culture of the Southern States, one of the most wonderful achievements of agricultural enterprise and industry, has grown not only without the help of the Government, but in spite of its discouraging commercial policy; the fisheries, the shipping interest, the manufacturers of the North, have uttered one unceasing cry for Government protection. Without the fostering aid of the Federal treasury, we have been told without ceasing, they cannot prosper or exist; if they can, the pertinacity with which they have besieged the doors of Congress for help, since the first session of the Federal Government, has been a fraudulent pretence. They are fond of appealing, in the North, to the enlightened maxims and opinions of civilized nations in Europe, but they refuse to adopt those of the most enlightened on the subject of free trade. They are never weary of boasting about their industry, enterprise, wealth, and intelligence, but they can take no step in any branch of labor without grasping at the leading strings of the Federal Government.

The Reviewer, in his assumed character of an Englishman, tauntingly assures the Southern States that if the Union be dissolved, they need expect no favor or support from England. They must look to Russia or Brazil for treaties of friendship or alliance. The remark combines a sneer with a

compliment; the sneer for his own country, the compliment for England. It is hard to decide in which character the author is most to be admired, as tuft hunter or as renegade. He is not equal to Mrs. Stowe, when thrusting her shabby libel on her own country into the reluctant hands of Queen Victoria, but he does very well for a beginning. He will improve; *facilis discensus*; in the school of slander on one's own country, he may one day attain to distinguished honors.

The sentiment imputed to England, however, is not English, nor Scotch, nor Irish. It is genuine New England. If for the sins of the country, writers, like the *Edinburg Reviewer*, are ever permitted to bring about a separation of the States, it will be seen to which section of the country the preferences of England incline. Attached no more to one than to the other, she will go where her commercial interests carry her. In the North, she will find rivals in manufactures; in the carrying trade; in the necessary material for her industry. In the South, she will meet, not with competitors, but with customers; with an increasing market for her goods; a new ocean of enterprise for her shipping interest; the largest and most certain source of supply for the great staple required by her manufacturers. A commercial treaty with the Southern States would be worth more to England than with any other country in the world. Negro philanthropy has done its worst with her, and the folly, like all other national follies, will decline and pass away: But, in its noon-day strength, it would not be able to prevent the British people from promptly and eagerly seeking, if the opportunity offered, the commercial advantages which

a treaty of free trade with the Southern States would certainly give her.

In our remarks on "The Political Crisis in the United States," we have passed over many of the writer's topics as unimportant or belonging to past issues no longer interesting. We have confined ourselves to the leading proposition, that the policy and nature of the Government have been changed by the slaveholders; that their influence has unduly increased, and is increasing; that they have carried on a series of aggressions against the dignity and welfare of the Northern States; and that they do all that they are represented to have done, while they are immeasurably inferior to the North in numbers, intelligence, ability and virtue.

We have attempted to show, on the other hand, from the facts of history, that the original policy of the Union was to do what

the South still demands, but the North now refuses—to divide fairly between them the common property of the country; that "the anti-slavery Republic of Washington" not only admitted new slave States into the Union, but new African slaves from Africa; that the annexation of Louisiana and other Territory, if intended, as the Reviewer asserts, for the extension of slavery, is additional proof only of the willingness of the American people to extend slavery into new territory; that the notion of the Reviewer, respecting the domineering rule of a handful of unprincipled slaveholders and their aggressions on the North, if it does not prove that he subscribes to the maxim of the schoolmen, "*credo quia impossibile est*," proves that his creed comes very near it—he believes what is impossible, if he does not believe, *because* it is impossible.

THE TRESS OF HAIR.

Ah me! this simple golden braid
No life possesses,
Where summer winds so lately strayed,
And loving fingers oft have played,
With soft carcases.

Amid these woodland walks, made green
By April showers,
No more her fairy form is seen,
And ne'er her gentle hand, I ween,
Shall pluck their flowers!

Not brightest bud, nor bloom, alas!
Can charm the dead!
The cool winds, rustling as they pass,
Wake murmurs only mid the grass
Above her head.

Around her, happy now as then,
Gay birds are singing;
Her merry voice shall ne'er again,
In laughing echoes wake the glen,
With music ringing!

For others now bright flowers may grow
And birds rejoice,
And summer airs breathe soft and low,
But never shall we hear, I know,
Her loving voice!

My eyes are filled with blinding tears,
My heart with gloom;
And half my life, and love and prayers,
Lie buried with my hopes and fears
Within her tomb!

ESTCOURT:

OR

THE MEMOIRS OF A VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN.

CHAPTER I.

WILLIAMSBURG.

On an afternoon of April, in the year 1756, an open chariot, drawn by four splendid soreds, and driven by a gentleman, beside whom sat a negro in livery, entered the city of Williamsburg, in Virginia, and, traversing the main thoroughfare of Gloucester-street, stopped finally before a house, on the door of which was inscribed, "P. Lincoln, Counsellor."

The gentleman dismounted, and giving an order to his servant, entered the office—passing into the rear apartment with the air of one entirely at home.

Let us endeavor to trace an outline of the personage thus introduced to the reader: a physiognomist would have made him a study.

He was a man of about thirty-eight—tall, dark-haired, and elegantly clad after the fashion of the period. His costume consisted of a coat of dark cloth, with heavy barrel sleeves turned back, and ornamented with embroidery; snowy ruffles, which reposed upon a waistcoat, decorated with flowers, worked in gold thread; drab small-clothes; and fair-topped boots, which fitted tightly to his slender and firmly-planted feet. A cocked hat, and Spanish gloves—one of which he carried in his hand, thin, white, and muscular, completed his costume.

It was the face, however, which universally attracted the attention

of strangers. The eyes were black and brilliant; the nose long and delicately outlined; the lips thin, and half curling with a mingled expression of satire and sadness. His striking head was inclined forward slightly, with the air of a man who spends much time in thought, in pursuing his recollections and dreams. Already, the high brow was traversed by those lines which indicate suffering; and the clear light of the proud eyes began to veil itself, and fade away.

A penetrating student of human nature would have said, that this man had suffered much; and that the world had crushed in him a tenderness and nobility of organization, such as few possess. A settled sadness vainly tried to conceal itself behind a careless manner, and he would have advanced, apparently, toward the guns of a battery, with as much indifference as he now entered the office of the lawyer.

Mr. Lincoln, a fat old gentleman, clad in a huge drab coat, a world too big for him, did not turn his head as the footsteps of his visitor resounded in his ears—he was busy. He proceeded, in a methodical manner, to put the last touches to the law paper he was writing—and having perfected his work, carefully wiped his goosequill on his cuff, and turned round.

"Ah," he said, looking at the in-

truder from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, "it seems there is a little punctuality left in the world."

"What a compliment!" replied his visitor, smiling. "Yes, here I am, my dear friend, ready to listen to your learned disquisitions."

And he stretched himself indifferently in a leather arm-chair.

"Disquisitions!" cried the old lawyer, "you'll get none—without a retainer. Where's my retainer? I don't trust."

"What a spirit of suspicion you are cultivating. There! You are growing avaricious."

"Well, if I am? I *am* avaricious, and I want the world to know it."

"Why?"

"Bah! Need I tell such a philosopher as yourself, that it is better to be considered avaricious—and rich; than generous—and poor. The World's whole decalogue, its supreme commandment is, 'Thou shalt not be poor.'"

"That's the Law and the Prophets for you, is it?"

"The Law and the Prophets! Very good; really not bad, my dear sir."

Mr. Lincoln's sole weakness was fondness for a joke—to which his lady friends added, hatred of matrimony.

"I am brilliant, without knowing it," said his visitor, carelessly contemplating the evolutions of two red-legged pigeons on a roof without; "but what of our business?"

"Nothing; except that, as I predicted, the estate is yours."

"Really?"

"Yes—must I repeat?"

"Nothing has been discovered?"

"Nothing."

"No other claimant?"

"None."

"And I and this undiscovered young person are the sole claimants?"

"Exactly."

"Hum!"

And after this ambiguous monosyllable, which seemed to be uttered with much indifference, the visitor played with his watch-seal.

"The whole matter," said the old lawyer, opening a dingy paper, "is just this. Bulkley died intestate, without issue; and by the plain operation of the statute —"

The visitor made a beseeching movement of the hand.

"Very good," he said, "I have no doubt the statute in question knew what it was about. It is enough for me, my dear friend, to know that 'tis a nice question of law whether I, Edmund Estcourt, of Fairfield, or Miss Frances Temple, last a resident of the Province of Massachusetts, should inherit this estate, as legal heir. If you have nothing more to tell me, I'll go see my friend Gilbert."

"And the papers!—unhappy man that you are!—the necessary papers! How am I to draw up the papers?"

"What papers?"

"Those necessary to institute the suit?"

"Is there to be a suit?"

The old lawyer looked at his visitor as if he doubted his sanity.

"Suit!" he cried. "You ask, is there to be a suit?"

"Precisely?"

"Why, I never, in my whole life, knew a more beautiful point than that involved in this case!"

"Really?" said the other, smiling.

"Never! It is superb, sir! It is grand! It will settle more cases than any decision which the General Court has —"

"Stop a moment," said Estcourt, with his eyes fixed upon some object through the window. "Stop!—ah! yes—that is well! Excuse me, my dear friend, but it really did

seem to me that the white pigeon yonder, with red legs, was going to walk deliberately off from the eves. Go on—I fear I interrupted the thread of your discourse.”

An odd smile, almost imperceptible, replaced the frown upon the old lawyer's face.

“I'll not go on,” he said; “and I'll hold all future consultations by letter.”

“Good: and what will be the pay?”

“As usual.”

“Very well—but at least I am entitled to the present consultation unbroken. Tell me, briefly, what you or Mr. Wythe have discovered.”

“Under protest then. All was, that Miss Temple was a resident of Massachusetts, where her parents died.”

“Her condition?”

“Poor.”

“Her age?”

“About seventeen.”

“And Mr. Wythe has not discovered her actual residence?”

“No—but he is sanguine, he says—and will defeat us. Bother!”

“Certainly, if you merit it,” said Estcourt, taking off his gloves; “but I think I will make a memorandum for Miss Temple—will you take charge of it for Mr. Wythe?”

“As you please.”

Estcourt took a pen and wrote ten lines, which he folded, and directed succinctly to “*Miss Frances Temple—to the hands of her friend, Mr. Wythe.*”

“What is it?” said the lawyer.

“Oh nothing—my respects—any thing you will.”

“Very well—and I am to proceed with the suit?”

“Hum! I think, upon the whole, you had better not.”

“Better not?”

“Decidedly.”

“Why, in the name of —”

“Well, 'tis best, perhaps, for you to read my letter.”

The lawyer opened it and read the following words:

“I hereby relinquish all claim I may possess upon the estate of Charles Bulkley, Esq., of the county of King William, deceased, in favor of Miss Frances Temple, sole adverse claimant. As early as possible after the discovery of Miss Temple's residence, I will execute the necessary legal papers.

“EDMUND ESTCOURT.

“Done at Williamsburg, in Virginia, this 10th April, in the year 1756.”

The old lawyer let the paper fall, and stared wildly at his companion.

“You relinquish!” he cried.

“Precisely.”

“The whole?”

“Yes.”

“Twenty-five thousand pistoles, at the very least?”

“Is that all?”

“All! Is that all!—do you call twenty-five thousand pistoles, which I can get a decree for, as easy as I can talk—nothing, sir! Do you?”

“Come, my dear friend,” said Estcourt, smiling, “you know how eccentric I am, and how obstinate. I have enough of money, and Miss Temple is poor—and—and—a number of other reasons. We may as well let the affair remain thus—your bill for fees will be duly honored. Enough of that—there is Frank's step. What a joyous youngster!”

And Estcourt rose with a marked change in his demeanour. The careless and uneasy smile disappeared, and the brilliant eye became soft. Unconsciously the look of the gentleman wandered to the door, and an expression, almost of pleasure, flitted over his sad,—thoughtful face.

As the old lawyer folded up his

papers, with a growling comment upon the character of clients, the door opened, and a third personage entered the apartment.

CHAPTER II.

MR. FRANCIS HAY, STUDENT.

The new-comer was a young man of about nineteen, clad in the height of the fashion of the time. His brilliant waistcoat reached nearly to his knees; his cuffs were enormous; and his feet were cased in elegant Spanish shoes. A very small and narrow cocked hat, just sustained itself upon his brown and curling hair, beneath which two ivory cheeks, and a pair of blue eyes, full of the ingenuous frankness of boyhood, pleaded in favor of their owner, with every beholder.

From the curve of the young man's lips and chin, and the impulsive nature of his looks and movements, it was plain that his character was irritable; but it was equally plain that he was as generous as the day.

At sight of Estcourt, the new-comer's handsome features assumed an expression of extreme satisfaction and pleasure; and he hastened forward and held out his hand with a brilliant smile.

Estcourt pressed it in his own, and an expression, almost as bright as his companion's, came to the sad face.

"Ah!" he said, smiling, "it seems that Mr. Frank is as much of a fine gentleman as ever!"

"Yes, indeed, cousin—a great fop," was the laughing reply.

"Fie! and a lawyer too?"

"Oh, I forgot I was a lawyer."

"And I," said Mr. Lincoln, with grim humor; "I never remembered it."

"Our young, fine gentleman don't work, eh?" said Estcourt,

turning to the lawyer; "is that it, my dear Counsellor?"

"Precisely."

"Oh, Mr. Lincoln!" said the young fellow, "you know I'm here regularly by—"

"Ten o' the clock—yes."

"I was up late these last few nights —" commenced the young man, in apology.

"Yes—seeing the players at the old theatre! Lawyers have no business going to the play, sir!"

"But it was Shakspeare!"

"Hum!"

"And knowing your admiration of Shakspeare, I considered it my duty to aid the comedians!"

Having given this impudent excuse, which was received by the two elders with outward reproof, but with covert smiles, Mr. Frank Hay went to a desk in the corner, and taking off his splendid coat, was about to induce himself with one decidedly ragged, for the purpose of pretending to work.

"Don't take down your old doublet, Frank," said Estcourt, "which I see you make a parade of, to produce the impression that you are systematic. If Mr. Lincoln will permit, I will take you out driving—this confinement is irksome to youth."

Mr. Frank restored the ragged coat to its peg, and resumed his fine one, with a rapidity and eagerness which argued unfavorably for his future eminence in the profession of the law.

"Certainly you can go if you choose," said Mr. Lincoln, looking

with grim favor at the young man; for one of the peculiarities of this youth was, that he made everybody scold and love him. "It is very plain that you will never make a counsellor in the Court of Chancery. You may succeed in the flashy advocate style, sir—the juries and that—but in the really beautiful and attractive portions of the profession—in cross bills, bills of discovery, cognovits, and injunctions—you will never make a particle of a counsellor."

And the old lawyer buried his head in his brief, scarcely raising his face as his smiling company departed.

"Shall we walk a little?" said Estcourt, as they issued forth, arm in arm.

"Proud to be seen with you, cousin!" said Frank, laughing. "The people will be sure to ask, what grand Seigneur that is Mr. F. Hay is walking with."

And Frank went along with his companion, at the height of felicity.

CHAPTER III.

THE PICTURE AND THE PLAY-BILL.

The two men took their way along Gloucester-street, in the direction of the *Old Raleigh Tavern*, enjoying the fresh air and brilliant sunshine.

Estcourt's walk was rather the stroll of a man who has an abundance of time upon his hands, than the hearty stride of those who have some definite object in view. As to his companion, he went along gaily, bowing to every body, and looking up to all the windows at which young ladies were visible.

Estcourt shook his head, when he observed this last proceeding.

"What fine gallants you are," he said, smiling; "you young men of the present day."

"The present day? How old you do talk, cousin."

"Old?"

"Certainly. Why, *you* are one of the 'young men of the present day.'"

Estcourt shook his head.

"I am thirty-eight," he said, smiling, "and that is nearly forty."

"Without being old, however. Now, there is a very good test. I should much fear having you for a rival."

Estcourt seemed pleased by the gay voice of the young man, and said,

"You youngsters have too much vanity to fear the issue of such a contest."

"I would fear it—for if you were not so sad at times, you would surpass all the cavaliers of the Colony. I see I am praising you, but I think it."

His companion turned round.

"I sad?" he asked.

"Yes, you often look weary."

"Why, I am as jovial as a lark—am I not?"

"No—and I have often wished to know what had occurred in your life to make you sorrowful. Will you tell me?"

Estcourt gazed at the young man for a moment pensively, and then replied in an indifferent tone,

"I fear it would not interest you—my history. It's not much. Perhaps some day, when I have a leisure moment, and you are disengaged—but, see that handsome engraving."

And the speaker pointed to a shop window.

Frank understood perfectly that

this was a simple evasion of the subject—but a glance at the engraving seemed to transfix him. It was a picture representing a Spanish girl, with lustrous blue-black hair, bound up with a carcanet of flowers. The eyes were brilliant and sparkling; the lips full and boldly curved; the whole poise of the head full of life and vivacity.

As Mr. Frank Hay gazed at the engraving, a slight color came into his cheek.

"Very handsome," said Estcourt. "A mischievous damsel, in the costume of the Andalusian peasants."

"Yes—certainly, cousin."

"See the network of the stays; the bracelets;—devices peculiar to the fair sex in all ages."

"Yes," said Frank, not observing the curl of the speaker's lip; "but will you excuse me for a moment."

And Mr. Frank Hay dived head-long into the sheep.

Estcourt looked after him with his habitual expression of pensive sadness.

"Youth! youth!" he murmured, "what a fine time it is! How real are its illusions. He too will find —"

"I'm ready, cousin," said Frank, issuing forth with a radiant smile.

"You transacted your business?"

"Yes."

"Is it much like?"

"Like—like? Did you ask —"

And Mr. Frank stammered.

"Like Chloe, Phillis, or Daphne, whatever Miss Dulcinea's other name may be? I see the young lady has disappeared. What did she cost?"

And something very nearly resembling a sneer contracted the lips of the speaker. As to Frank, he blushed in the most ingenuous manner, and was silent.

"Take care of love affairs," said Estcourt, "and of likes which turn into loves. You will find woman

false and frail—the ruin of many in her generation."

The words were accompanied by a look, which veiled the proud eyes like the shadow of a cloud floating above the fields of June. Then the speaker made a visible effort to drive away his thoughts—returning finally to his predominant expression of calm indifference.

"I'm an old dog, perhaps," he said, "and I growl because the sun no longer shines as brightly for me, and my teeth are worn out. But we have chosen an unpleasant topic. Come—where shall we go?"

"Wherever you please, cousin."

"That lies with you, Frank. I'm a mere rustic, come to town to look around."

"You!"

"Yes; everything amuses me. I delight in the sign-boards—look at that admirable play-bill at the tavern door. I enjoy everything, from pure excess of spirits."

And Estcourt laughed—but it was a very sad laugh.

"Cousin," said Frank, looking at the elder with his honest eyes, "I think you are not happy."

"I? What makes you imagine so? But we will not enter upon that subject. My words must not affect *you*, Frank."

"It is easy to say that; but whatever affects you, affects me; and when you are sorrowful I can't be gay."

Estcourt gazed at the honest face of the young fellow with a smile very unlike his former cynical indifference.

"You have an affectionate heart, Frank," he said; "I'm glad you are fond of me."

"Fond of you? I should be an ingrate otherwise, cousin; worse than a stock or stone, did I not love you. I can never repay your goodness."

"Now we are going to commence

exchanging pretty speeches. I confess I've often given you good advice—as just now; but that, you know, is proverbially easy.”

“I wish you would give me something else,” said Frank, with a pensive glance.

“What! is my youngster out of pistoles?” said Estcourt, smiling.

“Oh, cousin!—no! no! I mean that I want your *confidence*.”

“Confidence? Of what species?”

“I wish to know where my property is, and the value of it.”

“Your property—eh?”

“Yes, cousin.”

Estcourt was silent, and an imperceptible cloud of gloom fell upon his forehead.

“It is safely invested—let us say no more Frank,” he said. “I pledge you my honor to protect your interests.”

“Oh! could you doubt that I trusted in you? But I fear I spend too much. You give me whatever I ask for, and —”

“There, there Frank—you are not extravagant.”

“And you will not confide in me, cousin?”

Estcourt looked sadly at the young man, and said:

“Is it not enough for me to say, Frank, that I do as seems best to me?”

“Far more than enough. But where is my property, and from whom did it come?”

Estcourt withdrew into himself, and presented an exterior of impenetrable reserve.

“We will speak of this at another time, Frank,” he said. “I do not feel inclined to enter upon business affairs this morning. Here we are at the *Raleigh*, and there is the bill of the play, to-night, at the old theatre. Let us read.”

The young man sighed; and abandoning any further attempt to penetrate the mystery, fixed his

eyes upon the placard before which Estcourt had paused.

The players—one of those strolling companies which periodically appeared in the capital and chief towns of Virginia at the period—promised on that evening to perform the drama of “*Troilus and Cressida*,” by Mr. William Shakespeare; after which would be enacted the “*Beggar’s Opera*,” the place being the “old theatre, near the capital,” and the price to admit spectators five shillings and six pence.

Estcourt read the announcement with a drooping head and gloomy looks.

“An admirable drama of Mr. William Shakespeare,” he said; and *Sir Pandarus* is an original character.”

Frank did not observe the tone in which these words were uttered, his attention being given to the list of performers in the after-piece, among whom he seemed to seek some name familiar to him.

If he had not been thus absorbed, the expression of Estcourt’s countenance would have shocked him. From gloom, it passed to rage—and as he continued to gaze, a livid light, like that which precedes a storm, slowly dawned in his eyes, and his thin, muscular hands seemed to grasp at some weapon. He raised his head with an air of unspeakable haughtiness, and a singular look, over the right shoulder, seemed to search for some adversary.

From this momentary agitation, Estcourt was recalled to himself by the sight of Frank’s smile. With a well-satisfied expression,—the young man turned from the play-bill, which was evidently no longer a matter of interest to him.

“What folly in me!” muttered Estcourt, regaining his calmness, “to thus rake in the ashes of the

past; and I falsify my character by classing *her* with this woman of the play! No! I'll not commit a vulgar injustice. Let all go again into oblivion; the dead speak no longer."

"What did you say, cousin?" asked Frank, smiling. "I did not hear you. That's an excellent entertainment, is it not?"

"Perhaps so," said Estcourt, calmly; but these things have lost their relish for me."

"But you will go?"

"No; I must return to Fairfield. and we have scarcely time for the drive I promised you. Come—let us return."

And, followed by the young man, Estcourt retraced his steps toward the office of Mr. Lincoln.

At the moment when they passed the shop where the young man had purchased the engraving, a coach rolled by, and Frank bowed to a lady, who occupied it. Estcourt followed the young man's eyes, and saw that the lady of the chariot was a striking likeness of the picture which had disappeared from the window.

"Who is that, Frank," he said; "and why are you blushing?"

"It is—it is —"

"The original of the engraving; yes, I know that. But tell me the earthly name of this handsome Andalusian grace."

"It is Miss Crafton, sir."

"Crafton!" exclaimed Estcourt; turning as if a serpent had stung him. "Crafton, did you say!"

"Yes, cousin," said Frank, rather frightened, "Miss Ellen Crafton."

"A daughter of Joel Crafton?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are paying your addresses to this lady?"

"What ails you, cousin?" said the young man. "You are pale, and your eyes flash. Is there any

reason why I should not bow to Miss Crafton?"

"Bow to her?—no," said Estcourt, controlling himself by an immense effort. "Pay your addresses to her? Yes! a thousand times yes! Frank," said the elder, with a mixture of gloom and agitation which powerfully impressed the young man, "I do not wish you to form a matrimonial alliance with the Crafton family. I desire that any thing of that description may at once be broken, if you have commenced it. Do not ask me why—enough that I have my reasons!"

The young man's head sank, and a burning blush diffused itself over his features. He seemed to suffer so much, that Estcourt repented the sternness of his address.

"There, my boy," he said, more calmly; "do not be pained at my rudeness. I am a poor diplomatist, and I blurt out everything. But let me beseech you to banish any designs in that quarter. You are young; by your own confession, you have paid your addresses to more than one young lady, now forgotten;—forget this too, if there be aught in it. I do not ask your confidence; neither do I command anything. But between myself and the father of this young lady there must ever exist a bitter and uncompromising hostility."

Estcourt paused a moment, and then added:

"I try to advise you as seems to me best. I would not have you consider my advice a command. As a proof of that, I exact no promise; I leave, what I have said, to your own conscience. Here is the coach; let us now have our drive; it will make us smile again."

And Estcourt got into the vehicle, followed by the young man, who looked very much disturbed.

As the chariot flashed along, with its superb horses, in the sunshine, however, and, issuing from the town, glided beneath the rich foliage of the forest, Frank's smiles came back again.

He was true April, and the lightness of the heart of boyhood ere long banished every trace of pain.

The calm expression returned to the countenance of the elder, also, and he seemed to have completely forgotten what disquieted him. His careless air returned, and in the charms of his brilliant conversation, glancing, like a sun-beam over men and things, the younger lost sight entirely of any cause for sadness.

"There, my dear Frank," said Estcourt, as they re-entered the town, and stopped at the door of Mr. Lincoln's office, "let us return to our good humor. Let nothing which I have said make you sorrowful. You see I'm in charming spirits; and to-morrow I shall come again, as I have some business. Give you good evening now, as I must return homeward."

With these words, Estcourt smiled, and, extending his hand, pressed kindly that of the young man. He then re-entered the chariot, and making a farewell sign to Frank, set out on his return to Fairfield.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOUSE IN THE FOREST.

Let us leave the young man—to whom we shall, however, return—and accompany the chariot on its journey.

This journey was destined to be interrupted.

Just as the shades of evening were beginning to descend, the forest, through which the road passed, opened slightly, and at the termination of the little glade, a small cottage revealed itself. Estcourt directed the coachman to turn out of the road, and in a few moments the equipage passed in front of the little wicker fence enclosing the mansion.

It was a house built in the old hip-roofed style, and upon the eaves, as around the bases of the chimneys, those imperceptible mosses, which indicate age, had begun to gather. An ivy vine covered one entire end of the building, and over the low porch a flowering honeysuckle began to perfume the air.

Estcourt opened the little gate, and approached the door of the house, with drooping head and measured steps. All his smiles had disappeared; his cheerfulness was quite gone; deep sighs agitated his bosom, and, with half-closed eyes, he seemed to be searching for some image, which did not appear, save in the horizon of memory.

As he placed his feet upon the worn and ancient flag-stones of the portico, a dog howled, in the rear of the edifice—and this howl was so sombre and mournful, that it sent a shudder through his frame.

"Yes, yes," he murmured, passing his hand over his forehead, as though to drive away some shadow which obscured his vision; "yes! that is my proper welcome, sorrow dwells here, as sunshine does in the outer world. It faints upon this threshold, where no life enters; the smell of mould is here!"

And pausing for an instant, his head drooped lower, and with dim,

wandering eyes, he made the circuit of the grounds.

Then, taking from his breast a key, he inserted it into the lock, and pushed open the door. It glided on rusty hinges, and gave entrance to a narrow passage, upon which opened two or three other doors.

As Estcourt entered, an old negro man, with gray hair, and a form drooping from age, presented himself, at the opposite end of the passage, as though to bar the way. His aged vision did not enable him to recognize the intruder, in the half-light of evening, and he advanced toward Estcourt with the air of one who guards a treasure, for which he is responsible to his master.

"There, there, my good Job," said the gentleman, with a slight movement of his hand, and sighing as he spoke, "it is myself—only your unhappy master. I have come back to look around me—that is all."

The old negro made a respectful inclination, in which much of the old-time courtliness of the family servant was visible; and with some muttered words, seemed to express pleasure at the sight of his master.

"It's a long, long time you been 'way, Mass Edmund," he mumbled; "but there aint much to bring you here."

The sigh which accompanied these words, was the echo of that which had escaped from the lips of Estcourt.

"You are right, Job," he said; there is little to bring me hither. But something has recalled old times to me, this evening, and I could not pass without stopping."

The old negro again muttered something about the pleasure he felt at seeing his master; and then relapsed into silence.

"I should have come, at all

events, in two days from this time," said Estcourt, with a weary sigh. You know that is my habit—it is the anniversary."

The words were uttered in so low a tone, that they scarcely disturbed the dreary silence.

"Procure me a light, now," he added, "and then you may return to your place."

Old Job obeyed in silence, and soon re-appeared with a lamp, which Estcourt took from his hand.

"That is enough, my good Job," he said; "now leave me alone. I shall go as I came."

He held out his hand, as he spoke, and the old negro pressed it with great affection and respect;—after which he disappeared with slow and tottering steps.

Estcourt followed him with his eyes, and then entered the apartment to the right. The light revealed a species of sitting-room, with a lofty mantle-piece, above which the wainscoting was carved into a variety of devices, and furniture of an ancient pattern. Upon a small table, near the fire-place, lay a piece of delicate lace, in which a needle still remained, as though it had been carelessly laid down by one who never returned. An open volume lay also upon the carpet; and in the broad fire-place some blackened brands depended against the tall andirons, as though they had been but lately ignited, and burning in the middle, had thus fallen on either hand.

A careless observer would have said that this chamber was the favorite sitting-room of a woman who had gone out an instant, leaving her work upon the stand until she returned. But a more careful scrutiny would have revealed the fact that the lace was moth-eaten; that book-worms had preyed, for years, upon the leaves of the vol-

exchanging pretty speeches. I confess I've often given you good advice—as just now; but that, you know, is proverbially easy.”

“I wish you would give me something else,” said Frank, with a pensive glance.

“What! is my youngster out of pistoles?” said Estcourt, smiling.

“Oh, cousin!—no! no! I mean that I want your *confidence*.”

“Confidence? Of what species?”

“I wish to know where my property is, and the value of it.”

“Your property—eh?”

“Yes, cousin.”

Estcourt was silent, and an imperceptible cloud of gloom fell upon his forehead.

“It is safely invested—let us say no more Frank,” he said. “I pledge you my honor to protect your interests.”

“Oh! could you doubt that I trusted in you? But I fear I spend too much. You give me whatever I ask for, and —”

“There, there Frank—you are not extravagant.”

“And you will not confide in me, cousin?”

Estcourt looked sadly at the young man, and said:

“Is it not enough for me to say, Frank, that I do as seems best to me?”

“Far more than enough. But where is my property, and from whom did it come?”

Estcourt withdrew into himself, and presented an exterior of impenetrable reserve.

“We will speak of this at another time, Frank,” he said. “I do not feel inclined to enter upon business affairs this morning. Here we are at the *Raleigh*, and there is the bill of the play, to-night, at the old theatre. Let us read.”

The young man sighed; and abandoning any further attempt to penetrate the mystery, fixed his

eyes upon the placard before which Estcourt had paused.

The players—one of those strolling companies which periodically appeared in the capital and chief towns of Virginia at the period—promised on that evening to perform the drama of “*Troilus and Cressida*,” by Mr. William Shakespeare; after which would be enacted the “*Beggar's Opera*”; the place being the “old theatre, near the capital,” and the price to admit spectators five shillings and six pence.

Estcourt read the announcement with a drooping head and gloomy looks.

“An admirable drama of Mr. William Shakespeare,” he said; and *Sir Pandarus* is an original character.”

Frank did not observe the tone in which these words were uttered, his attention being given to the list of performers in the after-piece, among whom he seemed to seek some name familiar to him.

If he had not been thus absorbed, the expression of Estcourt's countenance would have shocked him. From gloom, it passed to rage—and as he continued to gaze, a livid light, like that which precedes a storm, slowly dawned in his eyes, and his thin, muscular hands seemed to grasp at some weapon. He raised his head with an air of unspeakable haughtiness, and a singular look, over the right shoulder, seemed to search for some adversary.

From this momentary agitation, Estcourt was recalled to himself by the sight of Frank's smile. With a well-satisfied expression,—the young man turned from the play-bill, which was evidently no longer a matter of interest to him.

“What folly in me!” muttered Estcourt, regaining his calmness, “to thus rake in the ashes of the

past; and I falsify my character by classing *her* with this woman of the play! No! I'll not commit a vulgar injustice. Let all go again into oblivion; the dead speak no longer."

"What did you say, cousin?" asked Frank, smiling. "I did not hear you. That's an excellent entertainment, is it not?"

"Perhaps so," said Estcourt, calmly; but these things have lost their relish for me."

"But you will go?"

"No; I must return to Fairfield. and we have scarcely time for the drive I promised you. Come—let us return."

And, followed by the young man, Estcourt retraced his steps toward the office of Mr. Lincoln.

At the moment when they passed the shop where the young man had purchased the engraving, a coach rolled by, and Frank bowed to a lady, who occupied it. Estcourt followed the young man's eyes, and saw that the lady of the chariot was a striking likeness of the picture which had disappeared from the window.

"Who is that, Frank," he said; "and why are you blushing?"

"It is—it is —"

"The original of the engraving; yes, I know that. But tell me the earthly name of this handsome Andalusian grace."

"It is Miss Crafton, sir."

"Crafton!" exclaimed Estcourt; turning as if a serpent had stung him. "Crafton, did you say!"

"Yes, cousin," said Frank, rather frightened, "Miss Ellen Crafton."

"A daughter of Joel Crafton?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are paying your addresses to this lady?"

"What ails you, cousin?" said the young man. "You are pale, and your eyes flash. Is there any

reason why I should not bow to Miss Crafton?"

"Bow to her?—no," said Estcourt, controlling himself by an immense effort. "Pay your addresses to her? Yes! a thousand times yes! Frank," said the elder, with a mixture of gloom and agitation which powerfully impressed the young man, "I do not wish you to form a matrimonial alliance with the Crafton family. I desire that any thing of that description may at once be broken, if you have commenced it. Do not ask me why—enough that I have my reasons!"

The young man's head sank, and a burning blush diffused itself over his features. He seemed to suffer so much, that Estcourt repented the sternness of his address.

"There, my boy," he said, more calmly; "do not be pained at my rudeness. I am a poor diplomatist, and I blurt out everything. But let me beseech you to banish any designs in that quarter. You are young; by your own confession, you have paid your addresses to more than one young lady, now forgotten;—forget this too, if there be aught in it. I do not ask your confidence; neither do I command anything. But between myself and the father of this young lady there must ever exist a bitter and uncompromising hostility."

Estcourt paused a moment, and then added:

"I try to advise you as seems to me best. I would not have you consider my advice a command. As a proof of that, I exact no promise; I leave, what I have said, to your own conscience. Here is the coach; let us now have our drive; it will make us smile again."

And Estcourt got into the vehicle, followed by the young man, who looked very much disturbed.

As the chariot flashed along, with its superb horses, in the sunshine, however, and, issuing from the town, glided beneath the rich foliage of the forest, Frank's smiles came back again.

He was true April, and the lightness of the heart of boyhood ere long banished every trace of pain.

The calm expression returned to the countenance of the elder, also, and he seemed to have completely forgotten what disquieted him. His careless air returned, and in the charms of his brilliant conversation, glancing, like a sun-beam over men and things, the younger lost sight entirely of any cause for sadness.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE HOUSE IN THE FOREST.

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Estcourt opened the little gate, and approached the door of the house, with drooping head and measured steps. All his smiles had disappeared; his cheerfulness was quite gone; deep sighs agitated his bosom, and, with half-closed eyes, he seemed to be searching for some image, which did not appear, save in the horizon of memory.

As he placed his feet upon the worn and ancient flag-stones of the portico, a dog howled, in the rear of the edifice—and this howl was so sombre and mournful, that it sent a shudder through his frame.

"Yes, yes," he murmured, passing his hand over his forehead, as though to drive away some shadow which obscured his vision; "yes! that is my proper welcome, sorrow dwells here, as sunshine does in the outer world. It faints upon this threshold, where no life enters; the smell of mould is here!"

And pausing for an instant, his head drooped lower, and with dim,

wandering eyes, he made the circuit of the grounds.

Then, taking from his breast a key, he inserted it into the lock, and pushed open the door. It glided on rusty hinges, and gave entrance to a narrow passage, upon which opened two or three other doors.

As Estcourt entered, an old negro man, with gray hair, and a form drooping from age, presented himself, at the opposite end of the passage, as though to bar the way. His aged vision did not enable him to recognize the intruder, in the half-light of evening, and he advanced toward Estcourt with the air of one who guards a treasure, for which he is responsible to his master.

"There, there, my good Job," said the gentleman, with a slight movement of his hand, and sighing as he spoke, "it is myself—only your unhappy master. I have come back to look around me—that is all."

The old negro made a respectful inclination, in which much of the old-time courtliness of the family servant was visible; and with some muttered words, seemed to express pleasure at the sight of his master.

"It's a long, long time you been 'way, Mass Edmund," he mumbled; "but there aint much to bring you here."

The sigh which accompanied these words, was the echo of that which had escaped from the lips of Estcourt.

"You are right, Job," he said; "there is little to bring me hither. But something has recalled old times to me, this evening, and I could not pass without stopping."

The old negro again muttered something about the pleasure he felt at seeing his master; and then relapsed into silence.

"I should have come, at all

events, in two days from this time," said Estcourt, with a weary sigh. You know that is my habit—it is the anniversary."

The words were uttered in so low a tone, that they scarcely disturbed the dreary silence.

"Procure me a light, now," he added, "and then you may return to your place."

Old Job obeyed in silence, and soon re-appeared with a lamp, which Estcourt took from his hand.

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He held out his hand, as he spoke, and the old negro pressed it with great affection and respect;—after which he disappeared with slow and tottering steps.

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A careless observer would have said that this chamber was the favorite sitting-room of a woman who had gone out an instant, leaving her work upon the stand until she returned. But a more careful scrutiny would have revealed the fact that the lace was moth-eaten; that book-worms had preyed, for years, upon the leaves of the vol-

ume; and that spiders had woven their webs around the burnt out brands of the fire-place.

Estcourt placed the lamp upon the table, and, sitting down, leaned his head upon his hand. He remained thus silent for nearly half an hour—a motionless statue of grief, but for the heaving of his bosom, which labored with deep sighs. His powerful nature seemed to be overcome by the thoughts aroused in him—to yield to the rush of recollections which thronged upon his mind. The memory of the heart seemed to find in the past, without searching, those images and incidents which paralyze the most powerful will—and raising his head finally, he looked through a mist of tears, blinding his fiery eyes, at a picture hanging between the windows.

In this portrait—for it was evidently such—he found plainly the object of his revery of pain and anguish. It represented a young girl of rare beauty, with auburn hair, blue eyes, and dazzling complexion. She was clad simply, but elegantly; and the head was half-turned over the right shoulder, with an air of winning grace, which communicated a singularly life-like character to the whole picture.

Estcourt gazed long and silently at this portrait; then, as his dim eyes wandered from the picture to the table, upon which lay the un-

finished lace, a groan escaped from his lips, so filled with agony, that it would have made the most indifferent listener shudder. There is something in the anguish of a strong man, which we do not find in the sorrow or the tears of woman, or of weaker natures. This man now seemed wholly overcome;—and again covering his face, he muttered:

“Still it lives! the fire is not burnt out! In vain have I attempted to forget—I cannot!”

He was silent for a time—then rising and looking around him—and finally, as though speaking to the portrait:

“I will come again, in two days from this time,” he said; “it is the anniversary—which I have anticipated. Then I will make the last and supreme inquisition—which terminates all. Until then,” he added, standing with clasped hands in front of the picture—“until I return—farewell. Heaven has not permitted me to banish your image; but, at least, I will not choose occasions, in the future, to recall the past. Let it sleep, if it can. Farewell.”

Ten minutes afterwards Estcourt had locked the door—having first carefully extinguished the lamp—and entering the chariot, was soon lost in the gloomy depths of the forest.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE MUSIC GIRL

OF THE RUE DE LA HARPE.

One winter night, three friends sat before the fire in a snugly furnished apartment. They had been friends in their boyhood, when health and contentment were impartial;—they were friends still, when disease had now destroyed their community of freshness, and the various incentives of manhood had diversified their courses. In describing them, I shall use only the names, by which, in their intimacy, they addressed each other.

Herman, the host, was pillowed in a large easy chair. He was very pale. In the now dim light of the exhausted fire, his countenance appeared almost luminous. The skin, over his forehead and temples, was tight and glistening; and here and there could be seen a bluish vein, that

“Ran like a tendril,”—

or invited comparison to a twig of ivy peering out from the ruins of his constitution. His cough was hollow, and cost him no effort,—nor did he seem to notice it, except by a rueful frown, or an occasional groan, as a sidelong glance detected a streak of blood upon his handkerchief. His black glossy hair, from the constant habit of passing his pale fingers through it, lay languidly back upon his head. His whole air and figure declared the repose, which a Christian resignation had secured;—all was rest, except the ever watchful, flashing eyes, that were reserved and lighted up, as the portals, through which the soul was to make its exit;—and then death was to shut them upon himself,

and reign—alone. Notwithstanding this general languor, there were moments, when Herman was aroused by strange excitements. He craved subjects, upon which to exercise a sympathy, which, in his days of health and activity, had been an aimless generosity. From his friends he received many little narratives, to which he listened with eagerness; and, in the solitude of his chamber, his imagination furnished him with cases of distress, over which he would weep like a girl. And then, when these paroxysms calmed down, he would sometimes give utterance to reflections, which affected his hearers with astonishment.

On his left sat a young man, whom thirty years had met and passed with friendly greeting.—They called him Frederic. His health was so robust, and his humor so exhilarating, that he was acknowledged everywhere to be a perfect Mercutio. When Herman was married, the sallies of Frederic lighted up the joy of his household. When,—five years afterwards,—consumption seized upon his wife, Frederic knew how to shield his friend from sorrow. Still again, when the child was needed for an angel,—this merry bachelor sustained the grief stricken father. And now, once more, when consumption was dispatched to execute the decree, that “a family should be entire in heaven,” his mirthfulness often made the sick man pause in his hurry towards the grave, and acknowledge, by a smile, that with such a friend, in the midst of death we are in life:—alas! that the

ruddy cheek, the engaging eye—the elastic step—should but serve to illustrate the awful rule, that in the midst of life we are in death;—for I think, Herman, thy latest tears in this world were poured out upon the grave of Frederic.

The last personage, in this trio of friends, requires but little notice. He was a young physician, whose name was Ernest. He had lately returned from Europe, where he had been prosecuting his studies, at the School of Medicine, in Paris. Eager to hear an account of his travels, Herman had written to him as soon as his arrival was ascertained, and claimed the privilege of being the first to welcome him. Poor Herman!—Thinking his own wretched appearance would shock his long absent friend, he had caused Frederic to be present; nor was he aware of the cruel contrast he had thus effected, until Earnest, after receiving the feeble grasp, let fall the emaciated hand, and exclaimed with much feeling “My dear Herman, is it possible!”

* * * * *

It was late in the night. Herman, with his forehead resting in the palm of his right hand, was in deep meditation. Frederic was reclining with his elbow upon one chair, while his feet were extended upon another; and he seemed to be amusing himself with the grotesque figures, into which the smoke of his cigar was continually changing. Earnest was leaning against the wall. He had discoursed of his travels, and answered every question permitted by a close intimacy, or varied by the opposite temperaments of his friends. Affected by the silence that pervaded the room, or, perhaps, saddened by the retrospection he had just given, in which there were passages of disappointment, that could not be counterbalanced by visions of pros-

perity dimly defined in the future, he had listlessly thrown back his head, and, now and then, mechanically struck the chords of a guitar, which was lying across his lap. Gradually his improvisations assumed the form of an accompaniment, until, after trying his voice, he at length hummed an air, the first strain of which was so stirring, and the second so plaintive that the attention of his companions was instantly attracted.

“Why Ernest?”—exclaimed Frederic,—“where did you get that—is it your composition?”

“Oh no!” returned Ernest, “it is not mine.”

“Who then is the composer?”—asked Herman.

“I do not know—I give it merely from recollection as I heard it.”

“Well then,” continued Herman, “whoever was the composer, and whatever might have been his emotions when he composed that melody, the expression you give it proves that you received it from some one in distress. The first strain represents an effort to arrest attention. The very first note of the second part is an appeal for help, and the supplication is continued, by a refrain descending through several bars, until at the end the tone leaps up expressive of thanks. The story connected with it must be a melancholy one. I tell you Frederic, if Ernest will relate it to us, it will certainly prove a sad history. Yes, those sounds are an appeal, which is recorded in Heaven, and will ring in fearful evidence against uncharitableness, if for nothing else, because it was made in the language of music—a language, which no Babel has ever shattered—which has only to be uttered by the Heathen to be understood by the Christian. I must hear this story, Ernest, or I cannot sleep to-night.”

Ernest put away the guitar from him, and drawing his chair nearer to his friend, looked at him with astonishment.

"Herman"—said he "tell me is it so—is it really so!—do you possess a power of penetration which does not belong to mortals? I ask, because I have read, or dreamt, or theorized, that, in certain advanced conditions of disease, this mortal blends with immortality, and the mind, half freed from matter, becomes imbued with divination.—You have, several times, this night given expression to ideas, which filled me with awe, and what you have just said, is really the commencement of the story I would tell you! It is so! Herman—do you know what I have to relate—do you know aught of the Music Girl of the Rue de la Harpe?"

"Aha! Ernest!"—interrupted Frederic, as he tossed up the stump of his cigar, and kicked it, while descending, with his foot, "there is a girl in the case is there? You rascal, out with the facts,—I am all attention."

But the young physician heeded him not. He continued his gaze, and urged his inquiry upon Herman, with a superstitious intentness, that called forth the derision of Frederic.

"I do not know how to answer your question Ernest"—said Herman "I cannot say whether there is really a separation of my mind from my body; or whether it is only goaded to an effort at separation, by mortal suffering. But this I do know—I am conscious of a mental elevation, which I did not possess in my days of health. This has enabled me (and, no doubt, it is a gift from a merciful Creator to all in my extreme situation, for this very purpose) to secure that resignation, which is but a

compact of amity between the invalid and death. A calm submission to the inevitable, is a sure indication of the change which you, in your theory, consider an attainment of divination; while the desperation, to which remorse clings, is the mark of a mental debasement, that does not even excite pity. Ah gentlemen, when I contrast my situation with yours, and think how many, who are now radiant in health, will be in their graves, while I am yet loitering about mine, it is this same intellectual exaltation, resulting, you may say, from prolonged bodily suffering, that enables the consumptive to acknowledge the propriety of the prayer, which begs for preservation from sudden death."

The solemnity with which these last words were pronounced, imposed a silence upon the friends. Herman, at length, repeated his request for a history of the melody that interested him so much, and Ernest began as follows:

"My story is a short and a simple one. You remember, I told you to-night that while residing in Paris, I lodged in the Rue de la Harpe. Yes—Rue de la Harpe, No. 101, in a strip of rooms that ran up to six stories, and bore the name of the Hotel de Provence. It was a dismal abode in a dismal street. After entering by an arched door, I had to pass along a dark dank tunnel to reach the place, where the stairs commenced, and ran up by twelve zigzags to the top. The light came down this stair-way, not in rays, but it settled heavily like a vapor, and revealed a glistening little stream of filth, that resembled a bruised snake, as it 'dragged its slow length along' the slippery gutter, leading out to the street. My room was in the fifth story. The windows were

guarded by iron bars, to prevent persons from falling. Here would I often sit, and bend over to contemplate the Rue de la Harpe. The tall houses, grim with age, at one place leaning over from either side, until, high up, they almost met, and, at another, staggering back, presented in perspective the appearance of a craggy cleft through a range of granite, left by an earthquake.

At night I sometimes looked along this chasm, and fixed my attention upon the lamps. They were old-fashioned oil lamps, suspended over the middle of the street, by ropes passing across from one house to another. They looked like huge venomous spiders as they shone red through the foggy darkness, affording just light enough for the assassin to make equally sure of his blow, and his retreat. Ah, the Rue de la Harpe was terrible by night!—There was no silence—no repose. Thousands mingled themselves with the ever moving host, to act in obedience to the muttered precept, *work while it is yet dark!*—for the day-light cometh when ye cannot work.—There was no silence in Rue de la Harpe—no sound of order, save the periodical tramp of the Municipal Guard.

Sometimes I looked down, and mused upon the human tide, that flowed along this rugged street.—What a busy scene, when viewed as a crowd—what solitude, when I selected any one individual, and watched his movements! There was no more sympathy, than among the drops of water constituting a torrent. Once I noticed an obstruction, far down towards the Seine. It was occasioned by the inability of two large wagons to pass each other. Then I was amazed to see how this rushing multi-

tude dammed up against these wagons, like a stream against a raft.—And when the obstacle gave way what a rush!"

"Come, Ernest," said Frederic, "this will do very well in blank verse, but never in prose."

"Well, well," continued Ernest, somewhat embarrassed by the interruption, "I was going to —"

"Tell your story in your own way, and pay no attention to Frederic's insensibility," exclaimed Herman.

"I was going to say," resumed Ernest, "that among the various sounds which reached me from the street, some were pleasing.—There were, for instance, the street musicians. One, a venerable sexagenarian, played upon the bassoon. He displayed no great skill in his performance, and his airs were the simplest;—but he attracted notice by his suavity and evenness of temper. Many a coin was thrown to him, merely for the pleasure of witnessing the grace with which he received it. There was another—a hunchback—who astonished everybody by the brilliancy of his execution upon the violin. He was not only deformed, but he was a cripple. As he crawled along the gutters, with his violin looped around his hump, his appearance alone would have enlisted charity, had his features been less forbidding, and his demeanor more thankful; but he received each donation with a scowl, and every jerk of his elbow was expressive of petulance and discontent. There was yet another—a girl; and it is of her I wish to speak. She also played upon the violin, and, if not with the skill of the hunchback, she gave to her style an expression of plaintiveness, that won the regard of all who heard her. She was tall, with a firm attitude, and

possessed a figure, that rebelled triumphantly against the disguise, which poverty would have thrown around it. Her eyes were black, and so was her hair, which, together with her dark complexion, told that she came from the South."

"Pshaw! Ernest," exclaimed Frederic, "her tongue—you mean that her tongue told you where she came from?"

"I never exchanged a word with her," answered Ernest.

"Come, Ernest," repeated Frederic, "none of your false modesty—Confess that—"

"How, Fritz, am I to gratify Herman with accurate descriptions, if you interrupt me thus?"

"Frederic," said Herman, with some severity, "there are segars upon the mantle-piece, and in that draw you will find a bottle of excellent sherry—"

"Thank you, that will do very well after Ernest has finished his story. Proceed."

"Well, then," continued Ernest, "she was beautiful. But what most excited my admiration, and has fixed the poor girl steadfastly in my memory, was the smile she bestowed upon all who took notice of her. It was a smile that caused one to look confidently from the lips to the eyes for assurance of sincerity. Sometimes, when she pressed her cheek down upon the violin, to keep it firm, while her left hand glided through the positions on the finger-board, there was an archness given to the expression, that was positively enchanting.

It was a sultry afternoon in July. I had been watching the sun go down over the Luxembourg garden, and wished as he approached the western horizon, that I could make him a messenger to my friends at home. Suddenly I heard performed, in a masterly manner, the air I have just repeated to you. I stepped to

the window, and saw this girl on the opposite side of the street.—There was with her an old woman, bent with age, whose business it was to turn the handle of one of those portable organs, so common in every large city. The girl played upon her violin the same pieces the old woman turned off from her organ, and must have spent years of nightly practice, before she learned them. The old woman seldom looked up; but the girl's restless eyes were busy searching along the different stories, for some friendly face. Several times she fixed them upon me, but, seeing that I occupied the fifth window from the ground, she, no doubt, concluded there was nothing to be obtained from me. They played through their programme, and were moving off, when I drew from my pocket all the copper coins I had, and, wrapping them in a piece of paper, threw them into the street. I recollect well there were six sous—more, no doubt, than she had received from a dozen streets put together. I saw her tap the old woman upon the shoulder with the bow of her violin, and point to the window, where I was yet standing. In another moment, they were carried from my view by the crowd. The next evening, they came again. When I made my appearance at the window, the girl greeted me with a smile, which remained upon her features throughout her performance, and her eyes were riveted upon me. I never saw her afterwards, that she did not intently regard me, with that same smile playing about her lips. When she commenced my favorite air, I made known my satisfaction, by nodding my head. It made no change in her posture. There was the same fixed look—the same permanent smile; but she showed that she understood my preference,

by playing the air twice as long as she played the others, and repeating it before she left.

Every afternoon, they made their appearance, and I felt a lively interest in them. I had been in the habit of disburdening myself of the sous, accumulated in my restaurant transactions, by tossing them to the first beggar I encountered, without regard to merit, or imposition. But now I would hoard them like a miser, and place them in the corner of my window, ready for the pretty music girl. Sometimes I would remain in my chair, and refuse to show myself until she had nearly finished playing. I could perceive her anxiety, by the length of time she devoted to my favorite piece, and the perseverance with which she repeated it. Then, I would step slowly forward, and mischievously peep over the bars of the grating; but I repent me now of such playfulness, when I recollect the melancholy that dimmed her smile, as if she would have said, "be it so, if it please you, but it is cruel."

"Ah, Ernest," exclaimed Herman, "you did not act well. You should have sought this poor girl, and relieved her."

"How?" answered Ernest, "Was not the little I did for her, injustice to thousands of others in the same situation?—Or shall man presume to have his elect, upon whom to exercise mercy? But listen:—Winter came; snow whitened the pavement of the Rue de la Harpe, and muffled the tread of the multitude. It was the season, when the blessings of wealth, and the miseries of poverty, are increased;—when ease urges mirth to banter the howling of the storm, and want thinks starvation and freezing are too slow, for men seek death in the waters of the Seine. Still my music girl came with her steadfast gaze and smile. One day, the old woman

was absent. There came a man with the girl to turn the handle of the organ. I saw, at once, what was the matter, and took from my pocket a two franc piece. Long before it fell at her feet, she perceived that it was a silver coin; for she instantly stopped playing,—and watched its descent. She marked where it disappeared in the snow, and when she found it, and knew how much it was, she threw the violin to her companion, and started off at a rapid pace. But she suddenly stopped, turned round, and, placing the tips of her fingers to her mouth, pressed them to her lips, and waved her hand to me. It was five days before I saw her again, and then the old woman came also. She looked feeble. As soon as I made my appearance at the window, the girl tapped her with the violin bow. She looked up, and, simply bowing her head, resumed her monotonous task; while the maiden watched and smiled upon me as earnestly as ever."

"It was a pittance well bestowed," remarked Herman.

"Do you think so," asked Ernest. "Was blame, however, to be attached to any one, for withholding a similar alms from the hunchback and the bassoon player?—for the former suddenly disappeared from the Rue de la Harpe, and I saw the body of the latter, one morning, exposed in the Morgue for recognition, with his white locks stiffened in ice."

"Most surely," answered Herman. "Mark my words. Occupation was the first right granted to man; and, to secure it to him, it was bestowed in the form of a curse. Let no man, then, strive to be rich, if he thereby deprive any one of the right to "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow." Wealth must carry with it a heavy responsibility. It is a concentration of

means for the distribution of labor to the needy; and every man, who starves, as did your hunchback violinist, in his cellar, or is forced, by hunger, to commit suicide, like the venerable bassoon player, drowned in the Seine, helps to diminish the eye of the needle, through which the camel has to pass. Well, Ernest, go on."

"The first of February was the day I had fixed upon to leave Paris. On the afternoon of the day preceding, I was sitting in my room, thinking of the contemplated journey. The regret I felt at abandoning the gaieties of Paris, was lost in my romantic expectations of Germany. Suddenly, I heard the music girl playing in the street. I rose up with a start; for I had not linked her in the chain of my regrets—chiefly confined before to the Garden of Plants, the Gallery of the Louvre, and the Elysian Fields. But, as I stood at my window, and looked down upon her for the last time, it was more than a regret—it was a pang that I felt; for I had encouraged in her a dependence—a reliance upon me for assistance—which, perhaps, she thought would never be withdrawn. In her ignorance of my intention, she regarded me with her usual earnestness, and dwelt long upon my favorite air. I threw her a five franc piece. She looked at it, and seemed puzzled; but, before she disappeared from me forever, she signified her gratitude, by frequently bowing her head, and kissing her hand. The next day I was in the *rotonde* of a Diligence, on my way to Strasbourg. For miles, I watched the city of Paris receding from view, until a mountain, around the base of which the road suddenly turned, shut out the enchanting sight—the domes of the Pantheon, the Invalides, and the Val de Grace, the col-

umns and the monuments of Pere la Chaise."

"Well done, Ernest!" exclaimed Frederic, "to get rid of your heroine, you destroy the magnificent city of Paris! Mon Dieu! Robespierre, in his bloodiest temper, could not have wished for more. And so noiseless, too!—why an earthquake couldn't have done it without a crash. Ah, Ernest, you have brought your story to a fine conclusion!"

"Stop!" said Herman, "holding up his pale hand, 'Ernest has not yet finished. Go on. I know you have more to relate.'"

"Yes," replied Ernest, "I have more to tell; but the sequel is entirely inferential. However, from the pictures of Parisian life which I have sketched for you to-night, I think you will both agree, that my continuation, although not based upon actual observation, is entirely reliable. In the evening of the day of my departure, my thoughts returned to the Music Girl and her mother; for I suppose such a relationship must have existed between her and the old woman. I fancied they were standing, at that very moment, before the house in which I had lodged. The girl looks up to the window, where she had so often seen me. She plays through her list of airs, and dwells long upon my favorite; but I do not appear. 'Let us play them over again,' she says, 'he seems in a mood to tease us.' But still I am not to be seen, and they move off slowly, and frequently look back. A week—perhaps a month, rolls by, and every day they take their stand at the usual place. A strange face—perhaps an unkind one—is seen at the window. The Music Girl taps her mother with the violin bow, and, drooping her head, murmurs 'he is gone!' The mystery of the five franc piece is ex-

plained. Well, my story has been a sad one,—it is now to become horrible. You can easily suppose that the old woman soon died—no matter how. Say she tottered like the bassoon player from the Petit Pont into the Seine. The girl was then left alone. Her violin has procured her the last loaf in the last way that it can; and she is drawn into the wide vortex of dishonor and misery, which, after whirling its victims to the centre of its black maelstrom, disgorges them upon the great thoroughfare, that leads to the hospital or the guillotine. I will suppose the poor girl has done no crime; but sick—heart-broken—feeble—she turns for relief to the hospital. She stands at the Central Bureau, begging for a card of admission. The Secretary's experienced eye is satisfied at one glance;—the humility of sickness is easy to distinguish from the impudence of drunkenness—and the card of admission is given her. She staggers across the open space in front of Notre Dame, and is about to enter the Hotel Dieu. But the spirit of music holds her back for awhile; a voluntary swells forth from the organ at the near extremity of the grand aisle in the Cathedral. She holds her breath, and the flush upon her cheek is deepened. Her eye-brows, contracted into a frown from pain, arch up once more, and the world—Paris—gives her a parting return of joy. But the organ is silent. It is answered by another at the farther extremity of the aisle, of equal tone, though mellowed into soothing softness by the distance. Then there is a chant of children's voices, high up in the Cathedral. The Music Girl regards it as a representation of an angelic response, and, in conformity with her faith, she signs the cross upon her throbbing

bosom, and enters the hospital. The nurses gather about her, remove her rags, and put on the habiliments of the patient. She is placed in her bed, and the curtains are closed. Tears of gratitude for such unexpected kindness stream over her cheeks, and she is gradually lulled into a feverish sleep by the busy but softly falling steps of the sisters of charity. The physician makes his round. His questions are few—the case is too plain—and she is labelled *Typhoid Fever*. Why dwell upon details?—It might have been six days, or six weeks; her constitution might have been too much shattered, or the physician, it may be, chose to make an heroic experiment. Delirium comes on—the patient clutches at imaginary objects. In her phrensy, she sees the face of one perhaps who should have been repentingly near, and an expression of ferocity overspreads her features. A sister of charity approaches, and holds a cup of wine to her lips. The smile comes back once more, and the look of gratitude. It is the last time. Death presses with his signet, and the smile is petrified into the hideous Sardonic grin, and the gaze—oh tell me, Herman, if you can, what is it that the dead gaze at?"

"You would know"—replied Herman musingly—"you would know what the dead gaze at? I will tell you, though you may not believe me. I know that what I am going to disclose to you is true;—and I know it through that same intellectual refinement, which has already excited your astonishment. Listen. There is a fact, not yet perceived, but which will, some day, give rise to strange speculations. It is this. The last image, defined upon the retina of the dying, remains impressed there for

some time after death. Not only objects in nature, but the creations of dreams and phrenzies are left upon this membrane. I do not allude to the possibility of detecting murderers;—for the fact I have just mentioned will,—no doubt,—be applied to this purpose;—but my mind is impressed with the belief that the gaze of the dead can reveal to us some secrets of the future world. Cannot a dying man—just before reason and consciousness part company—cannot a dying man, at the "*whispered word Lenore?*" receive for his watching friend an impression from the "*distant Aidenn?*" of one "*nameless here forever more?*" or cannot the last effort of the imagination leave recorded the monosyllable 'yes,' or 'no,' in answer to some well-timed momentous question? Be it so or not, I make this prophecy: Many an enthusiast will linger long, in ecstasy, over a view of Heaven fading from an infant's eye; or start back—appalled—at the terrifying spectacle of Hell, still blazing upon the retina of the unrighteous dead. You would know what it is the dead gaze upon? I have answered you. But, Ernest, you have yet something more to tell."

The young physician, after a pause, during which he regarded the clairvoyant with astonishment, proceeded with his narration.

"You must know that these hospitals are institutions for the living. They do not bury the dead. Notice is, therefore, given that the occupant of No. 80 is dead, and her body is at the disposal of her friends. But she has no friends. The hospital garment is stripped from her, and, shroudless, she is placed in a covered cart. The driver rattles along the streets. He enters a court yard in front of the School of Medicine, and the

Music Girl is dragged forth by the hair, and tossed headlong upon the floor of the dissecting room. Ah gentlemen, the scenes in a French dissecting room! where the student searches in death for the explanation of life. Does he become unfeeling, as, day after day, he looks upon that accumulating heap—that horrible Tower of Babel, composed of the fragments of human bodies of all languages and nations?"

"Stop! Ernest,"—exclaimed Frederic, "that is too revolting. No more of that I beg of you."

"I have but a few more words to say," continued Ernest. "Science is insatiate. There is yet another cart and driver."

"For what?"

"To carry off this heap."

"Where—to the cemetery?"

"No."

"In Heaven's name,—where then?"

"To Montfauçon. There to be mingled with the carcasses of horses, for the manufacture of the muriate of ammonia."

"What!" cried Frederic, relapsing into levity, "Sal ammoniac!—for shame, Ernest, to degenerate, after all, into such a conclusion."

"Nay," said Herman, "let me convince you of the contrary. The burial of the dead results from cowardice. In the dread of death, we have created an object quite as terrible—the grave. Is it to conceal the horrors of decomposition? It cannot be done. We are endowed with a faculty, which forces us to look deep—down—down—at the mass, that was once a human being. Why not permit the dead to instruct the living? They can reveal to us secrets, which can be applied to the relief of suffering. Behold the wisdom and goodness of God, displayed by the hand of a dexterous anatomist,

and then contemplate the unskilled butchery of the worm. And which is the more beautiful illustration of the resurrection unto purification, the corpse-light which hovers over a grave, or the crystalline substance produced in the laboratories of Montfauçon ?”

There was a pause in the conversation. Frederic was the first to re-commence it.

“Ernest, I can propose a better use for the imagination than Herman has done. The chances are only a quadrillion to one, that a given piece of sal ammoniac has not been elaborated from the mus-

cles of your Music Girl, why not select a lump and conjure up her image ?”

“I thank you, Frederic, for the hint,” exclaimed the young physician, imbued with a sort of spirituality by the unearthly notions of Herman—“I thank you, Frederic, for the hint. I will do it. She *shall* appear to me, and I will look up to her, as she once looked up to me, and rejoice in the possession of a power, be it reason or imagination, that can win for me one more smile from the Music Girl of the Rue de la Harpe !”

A CHARACTER.

A vain old man, grasping at worldly gauds,
On the dim verge of three score years and ten,
Still mingling in the turbid strife of men,
Still struggling for its false and mean rewards ;
Mammon and Custom, his soul's sovereign Lords,
He worships on the grave of health and youth,
His dull ears closed against the voice of truth,
And warning wisdom's sweet and mild accords ;
Gracious in bearing, generous in great words,
By dwarfish deeds most impotently crowned,
High in the Paradise of Fools, he reigns
'Mid insufficient joys, and sordid pains,
But self-assured within that narrow round,
The exalted Spirit's nobler faith disdains.

SONNET.

TO MY WIFE.

As some lone wanderer, in a darksome vale
Where towering mountains all in gloom enclose,
Stands through the night, and sees the chill stars pale
In outer darkness, all their mellow glows ;
At once beholds a flood of light that flows
Through some high portal in the mountain's side,
Bathing in brightness all the valley wide,
And thro' that gate celestial, far unfold
The vista, radiant in molten gold,
The trees and flowers, gay-decked in pearly dews
The crystal streams thro' grassy meadows rolled,
And nature, glorious in her myriad hues :
—So, in life's vale, I lift mine eyes to thee
Whose love brought light when all was gloom to me !

February, 1857.

BERANGER.

"Give me the making of a people's songs, and I care not who makes their laws," is a trite and current saying, which, unlike very many proverbial phrases, is philosophically true. From the time when the Homeric poems were sung through Greece, moulding the plastic language and awakening the nation to its noble individuality, to the days when the "Marseillaise" urged an infuriate mob to the most deplorable excesses, the great minds of the world have recognized the power and danger of national songs. If the Epic poetry of Homer achieved such wonderful results in knitting all Greece together, need we wonder at the effects produced by lyrical poetry in modern times? For, according to SCHELLING, Epic poetry requires no regular beginning nor end; the poem may be taken up or laid down at any point of the story;—it is for this reason, that the earliest of all forms of poetry is the Epic, because it is, of necessity, the most *objective* form. This rule obtains in all nations; in the first periods, the Epic exclusively prevails;—as the people advance in civilization, the Elegy appears,—which is the first step towards subjective poetry; the next progress is to the Iambic—the "raging iambi," *αὐθιγὰς ἰαμβοῖς* of Hadrian,—in which the personal feelings are first to be distinctly seen, inasmuch as all satire is necessarily subjective. But the full glories of subjectivity appear, when in the nation's mental growth, the national poetry attains its maturity in the lyric; which glows with the fire of sudden and complete inspiration,—objects rise rapidly before the mind of the poet,—images, brilliant and fleet-

ing, pass through his brain in rapid succession; he speaks with the hurried utterance of the Sybil, and all the impressiveness of the true Prophet; irregular,—yet strangely musical, wild as a vision, yet grappling with the sternest realities of life, lyrical poetry in its highest flights is a mystery, to the unravelling of which no human mind can aspire. For we are to believe that the power of Pindar, Anacreon, Sappho and Horace was not less in the days which followed their compositions, than that which we know has belonged in modern times to the songs of Burns and Béranger,—to the Marseillaise, the *Ranz des Vaches*, the ballad of Chevy Chase, (which Sir Philip Sidney said always moved his heart like the sound of a trumpet,) or the interdicted song, "What is the German Fatherland." The lyric poetry of the Bible is known perhaps by three times the number of those who have wondered at its epic portions; for wherever the Christian religion is, there the Psalms of David are found, the sweetest music in the world;—breathing the anguish of the pious heart, its aspirations, its joys, its trials, and its trust. In the same way, Burns is sung in many a place where Milton is unknown, and the "*Chant du départ*" is felt and appreciated by thousands who could not endure the stately movements of the "*Henriade*." The reason is obvious; lyrical poetry appeals to all men, high and low, erudite or ignorant, and by a *completeness* in the expression of an idea which is absolutely essential, it is entirely comprehensible at once. (It may be well to suggest here, that the Homeric poems, beyond

doubt, owed their wide circulation to the fact that they partake, in a great measure, of this lyric completeness, and consequently may be divided into separate ballads. This plan has been successfully tried by the late Dr. Magin.) It was in keeping with the profound wisdom of Solon and Lysurgus, that they should carry the Homeric poems to Athens and Sparta; for the result justified their judgment in ennobling and individualizing the people. From all accounts concerning the collection of the Homeric poems by the two law-givers, and by Pisistratus, we would suppose that the ballads were sung through Greece much in the same manner, as the ballads of modern times which are thus preserved from generation to generation. It was, then, to a lyric element that Homer's songs owe their preservation. Why the lyric proper does not make its appearance sooner in the literary history of nations will be best understood when one reflects that the first poem is necessarily objective; and as *narrative* is the object of the earliest poetry, the epic, whose character is totally descriptive and historical, must of necessity be the form; for *narrative* is the object of the epic; action, of the dramatic; emotion, of the lyric. As the natural consequence of having *all* emotions as objects, lyric poetry has, of course, an almost unlimited scope; love, politics, religion, satire, patriotism, in a word, everything which can produce any *feeling* whatever, all these fall to her province;

"χρυσά φέρμιξ Ἀπολλωνος καὶ ἰοπλ.
ἐκάμειν.
σύνδοκον Μοισῶν κτέανον"

or, as Akenside says in his noble twelfth ode, on lyrical poetry:

"Queen of the lyre! in thy retreat
The fairest flowers of Pindus glow;

The vine aspires to crown thy seat,
And myrtles 'round thy laurel grow!"

Once, the province of the lyric was the hymn, or a dirge over some brave warrior, or the celebration of a triumph; but after awhile, the lyre was crowned with the rose and the vine-leaf of the feast, the hair of a beloved mistress was twined around it, and the badges of parties and factions were wreathed among its chords. Whatever the special subject of the lyric might be, it is always found to be the expression of universal and necessary emotions, the individual and accidental being totally excluded, to give room to the Catholic feeling. Thus, the lyric poet sings those quick, salient, and omniprevalent ideas, which force themselves equally upon all minds. It is the appeal to man *as man*, which secures for the lyric its universal reception, in the boudoir and the cottage, by the fireside and in the busy scenes of active life. Although the poet be utterly unlearned in the classics,—for neither Béranger nor Burns knew a word of Latin or Greek, the lyric which he writes appeals broadly and effectually to a common tie of humanity, and whether the reader be scholar or boor, Czar or serf, man as man has written the poem, and man as such receives it. It is this law which accounts for the popularity of the lyric poet with all classes.

While Béranger is read and admired by the first scholars of the world, we see on the other hand that he is the idol of the lowest classes. Chateaubriand says that he heard two common sailors sing "*Le vieux Caporal*" with the greatest feeling and expression; he goes on to ask, "What taught them this Ballad? Assuredly not Literature and Criticism, not the second handed opinions of others." In

the same way, while Burns is the theme of many of the most profound essays, and a continual and delightful study to the greatest mind, Lockhart tells us that there is hardly a family in Scotland so poor as not to have a copy of the rustic poets' songs. In a word, the genuine melody of the soul finds its fittest expression in the lyric, which needs but little art to utter itself, since nature has breathed upon it her choicest inspirations. It may be answered here, that the extremely artificial structure of much of the lyric poetry of the world, is opposed to this idea; but we venture the assertion to its fullest limits, that, upon a *genial* and candid examination, any and every true lyric, however artificial its structure may seem, will be found to be following the *caprices of music*, rather than the rules of art. For, what man, who has a soul in him, has not felt the vague, and unexpected guidance in the surprises of Paisielló, Beethoven, and Rossini? It is precisely to this view, that La Harpe says "*Les vers, parmi nous, sont jugés surtout par l'esprit par la raison; chez les Grecs, ils étaient jugés davantage par les sens, par l'imagination;*" and his whole argument shows that the criterion of the Greeks was the proper one. The only men who see no beauty in Hogg, Burns, Moore, and the humbler song-writers, are those cold, calculating, mechanical persons who are amazed at any manifestation of feeling, and wonder at the enthusiasm of their neighbors; men, whose ideas of propriety will never suffer them to show any emotion; to whom the frigidity of fashionable society is especially pleasant; to whom the cordial grasp of friendship, the warm embrace of affection are utterly unknown; in short, the ungenial, unsympathetic, and soulless portion

of our race. To this class, the enthusiasm of the poet, "*laurea donandus Apollinari,*" is a sort of undignified extravagance, imagination, a kind of lunacy, fancy appears a species of levity, taste, a connoisseurship of trifles, and criticism the merest *caput mortuum* of the most inconsiderable of things which could be put into an intellectual crucible. This class is usually made up of men whose God is either Mammon or their own stupid selves, and women whose only idea is society; in all of them, there is no sense of honor outside of a "code," no cultivation beyond the indispensables, and no religion beyond renting a pew at a fashionable church. There is another class of persons who do immense damage in the world of letters, by setting themselves up for critics when nature has not at all qualified them for the task. These individuals learn the nomenclature of criticism, and although totally devoid of that *geniality* of temperament which requires one almost to be a poet in order to appreciate a poet; although utterly incapable of understanding the nicer shades of feeling, and equally unable to comprehend the inner sense of poetry, they proceed to censure and cavil at a poet in the most dogmatic style, simply because *they* happen not to admire him. To this class, whose brethren in other times wrote the strictures on Byron, Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth; this large and respectable class,—(for many well-meaning people who imagine that they are the very props and pillars of taste, have no sort of qualification for the office of critic, since nature has denied them the indispensable genial element in their mental character,) we have nothing to promise in our notice of Béranger; for of all kinds of poetry, the lyric appeals most to

the warm, gushing, sympathetic nature, and is utterly inappreciable by any other. To those who *feel* as well as *reason*, to those who have *hearts* as well as *heads*, we hope to be able to suggest some agreeable reflections in our random sketch of the greatest of lyric poets.

PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER was born on the 19th of August, 1780, at the house of his maternal grandfather, a tailor in Paris.

In "*Le tailleur et la fée*," Béranger speaks very forcibly of his humble origin; and in "*Le Vilain*," he mentions the aristocratic *de*, before the family name, in the following terms:

"Hé quoi ! j'apprends que l'on critique

Le *de* qui précède mon nom,
Etes-vous de noblesse antique ?

Moi, noble ! oh ! vraiment, messieurs, nom ; &c.

Je suis vilain,
Vilain, vilain."

The father of our poet is described as a dreamer, "*vif, spirituel, d'une imagination entreprenante et active*;" he took special pride in the prefix *de* to the family name,—was a wanderer, restless and flighty, and of him, the poet knew but little. At nine years of age, he was confided to an aunt at Peronne, a pious, octogenarian lady; in her house he first learned the charms of *Telemaque* and the writings of *Voltaire* and *Racine*. At fourteen, he was apprenticed in the printing office of *M. Laisné*; which fact he celebrates in "*Le Bonsoir*." While in this printing office, he was also receiving instruction at the school which had been founded at Peronne

by *M. Ballue de Bellanglise*, a disciple of *Rousseau*; the founder of this school established it with reference to the maxims of the "citizen philosopher," so that boys might be made at once soldiers and citizens. On the occurrence of any political event of interest or importance, the boys of the school voted "addresses," appointed deputations and delivered discourses, concerning the acts of citizen *Robespierre* and his cotemporaries. In these exercises Béranger was the leading spirit; and thus he early acquired a style, became habituated to observing public affairs and cultivated the talents which afterwards rendered signal service to his country. The classics were not taught at Peronne, and upon Béranger's adopting Literature for a profession, his friends were fearful lest this defect might very seriously mar his otherwise, certain triumph. Indeed many of his friends thought that he *must* have studied closely the classic models, since he succeeded so well in following them; considering his constant assertion to the contrary as merely the result of extreme modesty. On this score, *M. Tissot* says, that although such a man as Béranger must be believed in anything that he says, still, one is likely to be a little incredulous "after reading certain of his beautiful songs, which breathe the perfume of ancient poetry;"—and he goes on to say, that if the poet had not made *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Horace* studies in the original, he must have learned their spirit through others.*

At eighteen, the idea of poetical

*A poet who was also an Academician was speaking with Béranger, and when the young poet said that he took care to call everything by its name, without recourse to fable, the Academician in the utmost surprise asked him, "But the *sea*, for example, what do you call that?" "I call it simply the sea." "What! *Neptune*, *Tethys*, *Amphitrite*, *Nereus*,—do you cut off all these thus wontonly?" "Indeed," replied Béranger, "I cut them off." The Academician was utterly amazed, and insisted that it was impossible to write a modern poem without the aid of the Gods of antiquity.

composition first took hold of him, after seeing some theatrical performances. Comedy was the field which he first entered, but a comparison between his own writings and those of Molière, deterred him from all future attempts. Epic poetry next engaged his attention, and he began a poem, of which Clovis was to be the hero. Like all other poets Béranger loves to recur to the scenes of his youth; and his poetry is full of touching allusions to these days;—his dreams of Egypt—his disenchantment—his poverty—his hopes and failures.—Writing to a friend years afterwards, he speaks of his devotion to "*la pauvre Lisette*," and his extreme poverty: "But I was so poor! the least pleasure party forced me to live on soup for eight days, which I cooked myself, all the while heaping rhyme upon rhyme, and full of hope of a future glory." In the midst of these trials, unexpected aid came to him. He enclosed several of his poems in an envelope and sent them by the post to Lucien Bonaparte; from whom the young bard received the kindest counsel and assistance.

From the year 1805, he filled an engagement for two years, with Landon, Editor of the "*Annales du Musée*." The duties of this office were to write descriptions of the paintings in the national gallery and biographical sketches of the painters. Although the articles are not signed, it is said that Béranger's contributions can be easily recognized by a certain picturesque precision in his descriptions, by a lively coloring and sort of naive appreciation of genuine beauty; and above all, by a peculiar carefulness to bring to view the moral import of the paintings, and the depth of thought and feeling in the painter. In 1809, by the influence of M. Arnault, he was appointed to a

clerkship in the University of Paris, with a salary of two thousand francs. Here he remained until the publication of his second volume in 1821. He was, during this period, constantly thrown with the choicest spirits of Paris, and at the *Caveau*, he had his fine to pay in verse, like the others; his brilliant imagination, his rich and flowing style, and his easy and beautiful versification, soon enabled him to bear off the palm, even from the great Désangiers himself. In his studies of the sentiments which awaken the inner harmonies of the human soul, Béranger had discovered the tendency to melancholy, in all large collected bodies of men. From this he conceived the idea of writing songs, "sweetly serious," to cheer the afflicted—the poor—in a word, the people. While doubting, as to the correctness of his idea, he was dining one day with the clever writer, Etienne, and at dessert, was pressed to sing. In a trembling voice he began one of his soft, tender songs;—the applause was immense, and henceforth, the poet knew his destiny. He has steadily refused to be anything but "*Chansonnier*;" for when Napoleon, during the hundred days, offered him the Censorship he declined, "naturally, and without believing himself to be a Brutus." Since then, he has never been influenced by any wish to be an Academician,—to go to court, or to get into the ministry; and when in 1848 he was elected to the National Assembly, he steadily refused to accept the position, although pressed to do so, by the Assembly itself.

"The *chanson*," or song, says Béranger, "lives of the inspiration of the moment; our epoch is serious—in fact, it is sad; I have taken the tone which it gave me, although it is probable that I would not, oth-

erwise, have chosen it." Song-writing attains its perfection in the hands of this poet. The refrain, which is the very soul of the songs of Panard, Collé, and even Desangiers, is a secondary power in Béranger's poetry, or, as his biographer says, "it is but a bright and dazzling spark, while the thought, the inspiring sentiment is the dominant force." We know of no better answer to those persons who object to the song as trivial, than that which Béranger puts into the mouth of Collé, in his "Conversation with the Censor;" when the latter says, that the song-writer occupies in Literature the same place that the fiddler does in Music, Collé answers, that in the same way that the great Condé employed the music of violins at the opening of the trenches at Lerida, the song-writers perform an important part in the great events of the world. In spite of Béranger's humble defence of his *songs*, as he insists on calling them, we may quote here Benjamin Constant, who says, "*Béranger fait des odes sublimes, quand il ne croit faire que des simples chansons.*" Above all things, to attain a great distinction in poetry, is especially difficult in France, for the French are a nation of poets. From the Troubadours to Jasmin, the barber-poet; from Thibaut, king of Navarre, and the Chatelain de Coureyc, to Reboul, the baker-poet, of Nîmes, the name of the verse-writers of France has been legion. Tied down in the fetters of the "classical school," and bound by the "unities" which often mar the grandest triumphs of Corneille and Racine, it is no wonder that inferior poetry has been the destiny of the vast majority of French writers; for, with the exception of a very few names, the literature of this country has but little to offer, until Béranger began the

intellectual deliverance of his nation, by knocking down the absurdities of the "schools." Delavigne, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and many *minora sidera*, have joined in this reformation, and their works prove the entire desirableness, feasibility, and propriety of this movement.

None of these poets, however, have gone to the full extent of Béranger, who, though less correct, less refined, less elegant than the classical school, is infinitely more natural, more impressive, and more poetical than they. This poet has devoted himself strictly to what he conceived to be his duty to his country; for he loves France, and values men precisely as they do or do not advance *her* glory. Thus, he fearlessly satirized Napoleon, while the great emperor was in power; but he bewailed his downfall, in the most exquisite poetry, and poured upon the degenerate Bourbons the fiercest invective, and the bitterest gall of his satire. When Béranger's first volume was published, in 1815, it met with the most enthusiastic reception; a stupid Bourbon was on the throne; the allied armies on the soil of the country, and Napoleon far away, a prisoner on a solitary, desert island. Of course, the poet who sang of these things, was the poet for the people; as "*bras, tête, coeur, tout était peuple en lui,*" and his popularity rose to the highest pitch. The first edition having been exhausted, in 1821 a subscription list of ten thousand names demanded the re-publication of the first volume, with an additional volume, containing the pieces which had been written after 1815. His boldness knew no limits in this new volume, and he was forthwith deprived of his place at the University, and brought to trial on the following charges:

1st. Offences against good manners;

- 2d. Offences against religion and morality;
- 3d. Insults to the person of the king; and
- 4th. Sedition against the government.

The three trials of Béranger are well worth the perusal of every man who can lay his hand upon them. In the later editions of his works, they are fully reported; and from these reports, we gather the following *resumé*. (Here we may digress, a moment, to call the reader's attention to the fact, that the account of these trials, as given in "Vericour's Modern French Literature," is utterly incorrect, inasmuch as it is entirely different from the Reports of the "Process," appended to the third volume of Béranger's works.)

The result of the first trial was a fine of five hundred francs, and three months' imprisonment. The speech of Marchangy, against Béranger, was published, *in extenso*, in the ministerial organs, while the whole argument in defence was withheld. M. Baudoin published, for the poet, the whole trial, reported in full, with the songs upon which it was founded.—For this, Béranger and his publisher were brought to trial, but were acquitted. In 1828, Béranger published a third volume, in which he surpassed all his former efforts, in the most bitter satire and ridicule, for he is a "good hater."

He was again brought to trial, and condemned to nine months' imprisonment, and a fine of ten thousands francs. The prosecutors, it is hardly necessary to say, in these trials, were more induced by personal feeling than any desire for the purity of Literature. In the word "*Ego*," they found a compendious expression for God, religion, morality and loyalty. The offences were against the Jesuits and the

ministry of a drivelling old king, not the noble virtues which they pretended that the poet had insulted. The acumen and learning of Campanhet, and the greater powers of Marchangy—who conducted the prosecution—were brilliantly displayed, even though they pleaded on the wrong side; while the three lawyers who defended Béranger, each exhibiting his own peculiar powers, made the most admirable arguments for the justification of the poet and his *chansons*. In these trials, M. Berville is the elegant scholar, the sympathetic friend, pleading for *Béranger himself*; Dupin pleads as a lawyer; while Barthe found it too good an opportunity to express political doctrines. All of these lawyers have attained high positions in France.

These trials made Béranger a martyr, in the eyes of the people, and had the effect, of course, of rendering his songs universally known. It has been so, from the first attempt to bridle the liberty of authors, in the expression of their feelings; as Tacitus writes: "Persecute the author, and you enhance the value of his works. Foreign tyrants, and all who have adopted this barbarous policy, have experienced this truth; by proscribing talents, they recorded their own disgrace, and gave the writer a passport to immortality," (Annals xxxv.) and Laurajuais wrote to the Parliament of Paris, "*Honor to burnt books!*" This has been peculiarly the case in reference to Béranger, for, in addition to the general rule in these matters—just quoted from Tacitus—in France, there is a peculiar freedom in respect to song-writing. As Marchangy said, in his speech against Béranger, "The song is a sort of privilege in France. It is, of all kinds of poetry, the one in which all liberties are most rea-

dily excused. Companions of joy, and as fugitive, it seems that these gay rhymes could not be the vehicle for the sombre humor of the malignant, and from Julius Caesar to Cardinal Richelieu, statesmen have feared but little those who sang." After this frank admission, he goes on to the discrimination between the song proper and the "*enfant gâté du Parnasse*," the muse of popular songs becomes one of the furies of civil discord," says he, when it is perverted. M. Dupin, in his defence of the poet, observes: "A man of great powers has said of the old government of France, that it was an *absolute monarchy, limited by songs*. Entire freedom was allowed in this respect. This national disposition has not escaped the observation of some of our wisest ministers. Mazarin asked: "Well! what say the people about the new edicts?" "My lord, the people sing songs about them." "*The people sing songs*," replied the Italian, "*well, they will pay*," and satisfied with obtaining his budget, Mazarin let them sing on. This habit of making songs upon all subjects, all events, however serious, was so strong, and is so well kept up, that it has passed into a proverb, "*In France, every thing ends with a few songs*."

The people asked not if he belonged to classic, romantic, or any school at all, but they knew that he sang the vanished glories of France, denouncing those who involved their country in ruin, and breathing lofty, prayerful strains of hope for the future. They knew that when he spoke, he spoke with deep feeling and earnestness, and they sympathized with all his troubles, and from his prison, he came out a hero and the laureate of liberty!

In his own words, "my songs—they are myself! The welfare of humanity has been the dream of

my life. The people are my muse!" To tell the whole truth, there can be no commentary upon Béranger like his own Preface to the Edition of 1833. It elevates him to the first rank of the world's prose writers, vindicates the morality of his songs, and proves the poet a *man* as well as a *genius*, and to this, we will refer our readers for a statement as to *what* he is, which can never be equalled by any other writer whatever. It is the muse fighting without her ornaments.

The objections to Béranger, on the score of offences against morality and religion, are, we apprehend, rather to be referred to the faults of his age and nation, than to the poet himself; for we are sure that, upon a closer examination of his writings, it will be seen that the offensive passages are incidentally so; especially since Béranger himself asserts this to be the fact. The vindications of Dupin and Berville will show very many poems, which seem objectionable to a foreigner, to have a very different meaning from that which we might at first suppose. Above all, the best, and in fact, the *only* sure method, of qualifying one's self to understand this poet, is to study carefully the literary and political history of France, for the forty years during which he wrote. But when his poems are put in comparison with the writings of Madame George Sand, Eugene Sue and Paul de Kock, the occasional blemishes of Béranger will vanish into the merest insignificance before the constantly and wilfully immoral writing of these authors. The great sceptical influence of the Encyclopædists—the tendency towards "Romanticism" in Rousseau's writings, and the immediate direction to sentimentalism in the Sorrows of Werter, Young, Byron and the earlier novels of Chateaubriand—

all of which were immensely popular in France—ought to account for much of the sickly tone of the national literature; while the mere mention of the name of Voltaire is amply sufficient to explain all the irreligion, and, by a natural enough process, the bad morality—as “libertines in *opinion* will soon be libertines in *morals*.”

In the words of a vigorous author—“Numerous obscure writers, to prove that they are children of Young France—men without prejudice—men who know everything, and for whom no error or deception exists—parade scepticism and licentiousness on the one hand, despair and defiance on the other.” All Europe has loudly protested against the immoral tone of most of the French dramas and romances, which Goethe justly called “the literature of despair.” In comparison with these authors, Béranger is an angel of purity; although, when judged by our own standards, there are many things which we would “wish to blot.”

But Young—the admirable translator of a large number of Béranger’s songs—remarks, let us remember that “the ultra squeamish censors, who pounce upon every objectionable thought or phrase in pages of surpassing merit, remind us of those poor-hearted travellers, who spend days amidst the sublimest or most beautiful scenery, and yet can but concentrate their attention on the mud that has gathered on their boots.”

The first characteristic of the genius of Béranger, and one which

must strike all readers, is his amazing versatility. In the beginning of this article, we said, that the whole range of feeling was the province of lyric poetry, and this will, in some measure, account for the wonderful versatility of the chief lyric poets. As La Harpe has said of Horace, we may say of Béranger, “Let him take his lyre in hand, and rapt in poetic fire, he will be transported to the council of the Gods, to the ruins of Troy, to the top of the Alps, or to the side of Glycera; his voice always rises to the theme which inspires him. He is majestic on Olympus, and charming near his mistress.” His glorious imagination, his sparkling fancy, his pungent wit, his droll and boisterous humor, combined with a wonderful power over language, aptness of illustration, and fitness of imagery—delicacy, pathos, satire—make Béranger the first of all lyric poets. The depths of the pathetic, the tender, the sad—the height of the sublime, the acme of the witty, the playful, the sarcastic—every mood, every oscillation of feeling, every phase and form of thought—alike are the obedient ministers of his genius.

In whatever mood he may write, still his meaning is transparent, and the dullest intellect must catch the winged idea, which truly comes in “words that burn.” In this respect, he is very different from many of the greatest writers of France, but he is more *French* than they—for as Voltaire says, “Whatever is not clear is not French.”

THE ARCTIC VOYAGER.

Shall I desist, twice baffled ? Once by land,
And once by sea, I fought and strove with storms,
All shades of danger, tides and weary calms,
Head-currents, cold and famine, savage beasts,
And men more savage ; all the while my face
Looked northward tow'rd the Pole : if mortal strength
Could have sustained me, I had never turned
Back till I saw the star which never sets
Freeze in the Arctic Zenith. That I failed
To solve the mysteries of the ice-bound world,
Was not because I faltered in the quest.
Witness those pathless forests which conceal
The bones of perished comrades, that long march,
Blood-tracked o'er flint and snow, and one dread night,
By Athabasca, when a cherished life
Flowed, to give life to others. This, and worse,
I suffered—let it pass—it has not tamed
My spirit, nor the faith which was my strength.
Despite of waning years, despite the world
Which doubts, the few who dare, I purpose now—
A purpose long and thoughtfully revolved,
Through all its grounds of reasonable hope—
To seek beyond the ice which guards the Pole,
A sea of open water ; for I hold,
Not without proofs, that such a sea exists,
And may be reached, though since this earth was made,
No keel hath ploughed it, and to mortal ear,
No wind hath told its secrets . . . With this tide,
I sail ; if all be well, this very moon
Shall see my ship beyond the Southern Cape
Of Greenland, and far up the bay through which,
With diamond spire and gorgeous pinnacle,
The fleets of winter pass to warmer seas.
Whether, my hardy shipmates ! we shall reach
Our bourne, and come with tales of wonder back,
Or whether we shall lose the precious time,
Locked in thick ice, or whether some strange fate
Shall end us all, I know not ; but I know
A lofty hope, if earnestly pursued,
Is its own crown, and never in this life
Is labor fruitless. What must be, must be :
I shall not count the chances—sure that all
A prudent foresight asks, we shall not want,
And all that bold and patient hearts can do,
Ye will not leave undone. The rest is God's !

IONE.—A SONG.

I've school'd my lips to speak thy name ; the sound is uttered now
 Without a start—in dreamy haste—I scarce remember how ;
 My features yield to sovereign WILL, and echo no reply
 That speaks thy truth, too conscious heart, though pulsing wild and high.

I know they cannot now believe, hid by these features, lie,—
 Like lava-founts beneath the snow—fierce fires that cannot die ;
 They can but think that I have crushed, if e'er it lived, the flame
 That used to light my tell-tale cheek whene'er I heard thy name.

And I have learned to meet thee now, though 'mid the many's gaze,
 As I would meet—as I have met—a *friend* of other days ;
 The soul that's mirror'd in this face (a mirthful mask) is fair,
 My heart seems calm, my cheek's unlit—they read no passion there.

And I have learned to meet thee now as calmly as before,
 Though none are near to stay the stream affection sighs to pour ;
 And I can sit in seeming calm, nor own the chastening rod
 That tries me when alone with thee—my Passion and my God !

SABBATH MORNING, APRIL, 1854.

SONNET.

Hark, from afar, the sound of Sabbath bells !
 In solemn music pealing through the air !
 Again the day of rest these notes declare ;
 And as their harmony uprising swells,
 A voice from universal Nature tells
 How sweetly in the anthem she doth share.
 Soft breezes whisper to the heavens fair,
 A peaceful murmur by the sea-side dwells,
 The melody of birds, the hum of bees,
 The dew-drop falling from the buds of Spring,
 Each rustling leaf upon the forest trees,
 Join in the strain. Now myriad angels sing,
 " Prepare, ye mortals, all your jubilees,
 And swell hosannahs to the Eternal King."

ARTHUR GORDON PYM, AND OTHER STORIES, BY EDGAR A. POE.*

A REVIEW.

The publication of the *fourth* volume of Poe's works, is an event of no slight importance in the literary world. The unique and original genius of this remarkable man is now everywhere acknowledged. His reputation is great, and is likely to be lasting and accumulative. Fragmentary, as most of his compositions are, both in prose and verse, the slightest of them displays a finished elaboration, a sustained unity, a perfection almost of style and treatment, often united to an ingenious audacity of speculation, and a purity and force of imaginative insight, which cause them to stand alone as works of art.—In the analysis of Poe's mind, we are first struck by the union of powers, which it has been usual to consider as antagonistic. His imagination was truly noble and comprehensive. Whatever fell within the scope of its moulding influence, became vital and instinct with a present and startling reality. It would seem as if some preternatural gloom of morbid association pervaded his intellect, and irresistibly led him to penetrate [or attempt to penetrate] the regions of the mysterious, the terrible, the unknown—to grasp, and strive to rend the veil that guards the profoundest secrets of human consciousness, or of divine government. It was not simply in his own "misty 'mid region of Weir," that he delighted to dream and speculate. In the chaos of worlds forming, or destroyed—amongst the systems of remote

stars, on the border of the "heaven of heavens," his thought, "winged and luminous," soared with even and calm sweep, or in more earthly and sombre moods, circled itself with the horrors of Polar solitudes, the vastness of untravelled oceans, and the darkness of "deeds without a name." But in his wildest flights, his most erratic investigations, we discover a coherency of logic, an absolute mathematical propriety, a keen activity of the analytical judgment, which gave to his least probable narratives, his most untenable theories, an air of literal exactitude and truth, for which we search in vain among the productions of any other writer under the sun. When, for example, the philosophy of Mesmerism was less understood than it is now, Poe wrote the article, entitled "Facts in the case of M. Valdemar," in which a physician is represented as experimenting upon one of his patients *in articulo mortis*. The experiment is successful. Death seems to be arrested, and for six or seven months, the patient remains in a Mesmeric trance. But when the doctor attempts to reverse his passes, the patient exclaims that he is dead, and, finally, at the last motion of the awakening process, sinks into a mass of "the most loathsome putrefaction." This is the skeleton of the narrative. It is sufficiently absurd; but filled up with such details as Poe was able to furnish, it deceived hundreds, and was actually quoted by an in-

*The works of the late Edgar A. Poe. With a Memoir, by Rufus Wilmot Griswold, and Notices of his Life and Genius, by N. P. Willis and J. Russel Lowell, in 4 vols. Vol. IV. Redfield: New York.

telligent English journal, as an example of the wonderful efficacy of Magnetism.

Poe's genius for analysis, was no less remarkable than his microscopical accuracy of perception.—Before the last numbers of "Barnaby Rudge" were given to the public, he dissected the plot of that elaborate story, unravelled its various intricate clews, and foretold the inevitable *denouement*.

In the "Mystery of Marie Roget," and the "Murder in the Rue Morgue," we have a still more complete exemplification of the results attainable by a concentrated exercise of this amazing faculty. Griswold, in his shallow and vindictive biography of Poe, says, that in the class of stories to which the tale last mentioned belongs, we should not wonder at the author's ingenuity, because he is merely unriddling his own enigma; but in the construction of the *enigma itself* lies the power. The mind able to conceive such a continuity of cause and effect as that developed in "The Murder in the Rue Morgue," could not, it is evident, fail to decypher any soluble mystery presented by the invention of another, or rising out of the accidents of social experience. As a poet, we think that Poe [notwithstanding the fact that his poems worthy of perusal may be collected into some half dozen pages] has achieved a peculiar success.—He wrote in accordance with certain laws of his own. The poetic principle he subjected to the same rigid scrutiny, which it was his custom—his *instinct* rather—to exercise upon *all* topics that claimed his attention. His conclusion is, that "this principle is strictly and simply the human aspiration for supernal *beauty*—that its manifestation is always found in an *elevating excitement of the soul*—quite independent of that passion, which

is the intoxication of the *heart*, or of that truth, which is the satisfaction of the *reason*."

"For," as the author goes on to observe, "the tendency of passion is rather to degrade, than to elevate, the soul. *Love*, on the contrary—the divine Eros, the Uranian, as distinguished from the Dionæan Venus—is unquestionably the purest and truest of all poetical themes.—And in regard to truth—if to be sure, through the attainment of a truth, we are led to perceive a harmony where none was apparent before—we experience at once the true poetical effect; but this effect is referable to the *harmony alone*, and not in the *least* degree to the *truth*, which merely served to render the harmony manifest." Poe illustrates this rule in all the poems that may be considered as fairly representing his genius.

Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Archbishop Whately, and hundreds of other writers, more or less distinguished, have labored to define the "Poetical Principle." It is generally acknowledged that they have all failed. Either they have said too much, or they have said too little. But of Poe's definition, it may be fairly said, that if not perfect, it is at least philosophical.

The claims of the didactic versifiers crumble before it. The cry of "where is the moral, we see no moral in these stanzas," is rendered deservedly ridiculous. So long as a poem opens to us glimpses of *that* beauty, which we feel to be the shadow of the eternal love, it is worse than folly to prate about "the moral." The poem thus constituted is a complete moral *in itself*; it speaks to the immortal part of our nature; it refines, exalts, dignifies; it appeals wholly and immediately to that divine *instinct*, superior to all reason and craft of schoolmen, which pants for higher enjoyments, wiser com-

panionship, worthier aims, a more expansive intelligence, a wider range of consciousness and affection, subtler capabilities of attainment, a closer approximation to, and a juster knowledge of, the ineffable God himself.

But besides the correction of popular fallacies as to the legitimate aim of poetry, Poe has done much to develop the significant capability and harmony of words.

Some of his pieces, as "Ullalume" and the "Bells," were written for this express purpose. He has contributed something absolute and essential to the poetical vocabulary. He has again brought into notice the almost forgotten *Refrain*, with its manifold appeals to the sensibilities, through the reiteration of a single note, and has proved "that *music*, in its various modes of metre, rhythm and rhyme, is of so vast a moment in poetry as never to be wisely rejected—is so vitally important an adjunct, that he is theory-mad beyond redemption who declines its assistance."—If it be true that he has accomplished this—and his works are here in proof of it—nothing can be more certain than that his reputation is founded upon a rock, that to him properly belong the trophies due to sterling originality of thought—a daily increasing appreciation in his own age, and a permanent place in the regards of the future time.

From this preface, which has insensibly grown to a length we did not contemplate—and which yet does not express a tithe of what might be said upon the subject—we pass to the review of the volume before us. This opens with an account of the adventures of *Arthur Gordon Pym*, the only exhibition we have of Poe's abilities in a protracted narrative. Since the days we were accustomed to devour the

engrossing history of Robinson Crusoe, religiously believing in the truth of every word we read, it has not been our fortune to meet with so enticing a story as that detailed by Mr. Pym. It is an eminently characteristic production. An aspect of the soberest *vraisemblance* is thrown over the relation of events the most utterly extravagant and *bizarre*, that it has entered into the imagination of man to conceive.—The outlines of the tale are as follows: A youth born at Nantucket, where his father traded in ship stores, is possessed, in the natural impetuosity of young blood, with a violent passion for the sea. His fancy dwells with peculiar fervency upon the unexplored regions of the South Pacific. While in this frame of mind, *Pym* (for of course it is of him we speak) makes the acquaintance of a Mr. Augustus Barnard, son of a sea-captain in the employ of Messrs. Lloyd & Vredenburg, merchants at Nantucket.—Augustus, who is two years older than Arthur, has already been upon a whaling voyage, and is continually boasting of his adventures. "He had a manner," the latter informs us, "of relating his stories of the ocean, well adapted to have weight with one of my enthusiastic temperament, and somewhat gloomy, although glowing imagination. It is strange, too, that he most strongly enlisted my feelings in behalf of the life of a seaman, when he depicted his most terrible moments of suffering and despair. For the bright side of the painting, I had a limited sympathy." It happens in the course of time, that Captain Barnard is appointed by his employers to the command of the brig "Grampus," destined for a whaling expedition to the usual southern latitudes. His son, who is, of course, to accompany him, spares no opportunity of urging upon Pym the ex-

cellency of the opportunity now offered for indulging his desire for travel. "He found me," Mr. Pym goes on to say, "by no means an unwilling listener—yet the matter could not be so easily arranged. My father made no direct opposition, but my mother went into hysterics at the bare mention of my design; and more than all, my grandfather, from whom I expected much, vowed to cut me off with a shilling, if I ever broached the subject to him again. * * * I determined, however, to go at all hazards; and having made known my intention to Augustus, we set about arranging a plan." This plan was sufficiently simple, being confined to an ordinary *ruse*. Mr. Pym is suddenly seized with a violent affection for certain of his relations who live at New Bedford, and whom it had been his custom occasionally to visit. A note is received (forged of course) from a member of this family, requesting the pleasure of Mr. Pym's company for a couple of weeks. The invitation opportunely arrives but a day or two before the sailing of the brig. Consequently, the youth is enabled to leave his home without exciting suspicion, and is secreted by Augustus in the vessel's hold. The place of durance is not particularly comfortable. It is thus described:

"Augustus brought me at length, after creeping and winding through innumerable narrow passages, to an iron bound box, such as is used sometimes for packing fine earthen ware. It was nearly four feet high, and full six long, but very narrow. * * In every direction around it, was wedged as closely as possible, a complete chaos of almost every species of ship furniture. * * I afterwards found that Augustus had purposely arranged the stowage in this hold, with a view to affording me a thorough con-

cealment. * * My companion now showed me that one of the ends of the box could be removed at pleasure. He slipped it aside, and displayed the interior, at which I was excessively amused. A mattress from one of the cabin berths covered the whole of the bottom, and it contained almost every article of mere necessity which could be crowded into so small a space, allowing me at the same time sufficient room for my accommodation, either in a sitting position, or lying at full length.

"Among other things, there were some books, pen, ink and paper, three blankets, a large jug full of water, a keg of sea biscuit, three or four immense Bologna sausages, an enormous ham, a cold leg of roast mutton, and half a dozen bottles of cordials and liquors."

Thus provided for, he is left by Augustus to his reflections. Three days after this, he feels the ship in motion, and begins to look forward to the period when his comrade shall come to release him—a period, (as previously arranged,) to be postponed until there is little chance of meeting a homeward bound vessel, in which Captain Barnard might feel it his duty to send Mr. Pym back to his parents. Meanwhile, overcome by the close atmosphere of the hold, our hero falls into an unnatural sleep. Upon awaking, he finds his limbs greatly cramped, and he is besides unaccountably hungry. He searches for his mutton, but is amazed to discover it in a state of "absolute putrefaction." He revenges himself, however, upon the Bologna sausages and the cordial; and prepares patiently, though somewhat startled, to abide the result. His hardihood is taxed to a degree he had not anticipated. Days elapse; the brig proceeds on her course; the provisions are exhausted, and so is the

water; and now Arthur, stupefied by the pestilential air of the hold, half famished and oppressed by the awful mystery of his situation, yields to despair; escape seems impossible. He endeavors in vain to find some mode of egress; the floor of the cabin, through which, in the first instance, he had entered, is nailed down, and of Augustus he can hear nothing.

Just now, to his surprise, a favorite Newfoundland dog, whom he supposed to have been left at Nantucket, makes his appearance, with a note from Augustus tied under his left shoulder. By the aid of a little phosphorus, (the hold being as dark as Erebus,) he manages to decypher a portion—*only* a portion—of the contents, comprised in these seven encouraging words—*“blood—your life depends upon lying close.”* Another interval of insensibility, and at last his friend comes to the rescue. He relieves his immediate wants, and then communicates the horrible intelligence, that a mutiny has taken place—that Captain Barnard has been set adrift, and that the ship is now in the hands of the mutineers. They make their way together to the fore-castle, which the sailors have deserted, for the more luxurious accommodations of the cabin. There Arthur remains concealed, whilst Augustus—whose life the insurgent seamen have consented to spare—shares with him his own meals. Gradually, one of the crew, named Peters—a man of gigantic strength, but supposed to be half-witted—owing to some dissatisfaction with the measures of his comrades, joins the councils of Arthur and Augustus, and encourages a plot for the recovery of the brig, and the consequent destruction of those now in power. Fortune favors their design. One of the mutineers dies of poison, administered

by the first mate, and the conspirators are accidentally put in possession of his clothes. Upon a stormy night, and at the moment when Peters has succeeded, by a succession of ghost stories, in arousing the superstitious fears of his associates, Augustus, habited in the dead man's garments, and otherwise disguised, suddenly appears among them. The effect is terrific. “The mate sprung from the mattress on which he was lying, and without uttering a single word, fell back stone dead upon the cabin floor.—Of the remaining seven, there were but three who had at first any degree of presence of mind. Two of these were shot instantly by Peters, and Arthur felled the third with a blow on the head from a pump handle.” The others were readily disposed of, and this uncommonly bold stratagem was crowned with complete success.

But other troubles are at hand. A tremendous gale overtakes them, and the “*Grampus*,” not to be managed by only *three* men, is wrecked, and rolls a useless hulk upon the waters. It is at this point, that the interest of the narrative becomes most absorbing.—The details which follow, are related with a harrowing minuteness. The cabin is flooded, and it is with the greatest difficulty that they can procure provisions or water. Several ships pass in the distance, and drop slowly below the horizon. One day, a large hermaphrodite brig of Dutch build, and painted black, heaves in sight, and sails directly across the counter of the “*Grampus*.” “The brig” (says the story) “came on slowly, and now more steadily than before, and our hearts leaped wildly within us, and we poured out our whole souls in shouts and thanksgiving. * * * Of a sudden, and all at once, there came wafted over the ocean from the

strange vessel a smell, a stench, such as the world has no name for—no conception of—hellish—utterly suffocating—insufferable—inconceivable. I gasped for breath, and turning to my companions, saw that they were paler than marble. But we had now no time left for question, or surmise, the brig was within fifty feet of us, and it seemed to be her intention to run under our counter, that we might board her without her putting out a boat.—We rushed aft, when suddenly a wide yaw threw her off full five or six points from the course she had been running, and as she passed under our stern, at the distance of about twenty feet, we had a full view of her decks. Shall I ever forget the triple horror of that spectacle? Twenty-five or thirty human bodies, among which were several females, lay scattered about between the counter and the galley in the last, and most loathsome state of decomposition. We plainly saw that not a soul lived in the fated vessel; yet we could not help shouting to the dead for help. Yes! long and loudly did we beg in the agony of the moment, that those silent and disgusting images would stay for us—would not abandon us to become like them—would receive us among their goodly company. We were raving with horror and despair—thoroughly mad, through the anguish of our grievous disappointment.”

Finally, through starvation, the animal nature gains the ascendancy, and the four wretched outcasts—we say *four*, because the original company had been increased, by the addition of one man from among the mutineers, named Parker—agree to draw lots, in order to determine which of them should be sacrificed, to appease their hunger. The lot falls upon Parker. He is killed, and eaten. (We must say here,

par parenthèse, that this part of the story is utterly revolting, and that persons of weak nerves had better not attempt to read it.) The strength derived from this horrible repast, sustains them a few days longer.—At the end of that time, they begin again to despair. Augustus fairly exhausted, dies, and is thrown to the sharks, “the clashing of whose teeth, as their prey was torn to pieces among them, might have been heard at the distance of a mile.”

At last, a “long, low, rakish looking topsail schooner” comes in view. She bears down upon the wreck, and in a few moments, Pym and Peters find themselves in her cabin. She proves to be the Jane Guy, of Liverpool, Captain Guy, bound on a sealing and trading voyage, to the South Seas and the Pacific. We have not room to follow the adventurers further, at least with any minuteness. They sail to a lower latitude south than any voyagers had ever attained before them. They stop at an unknown island, whose inhabitants—a deceitful and blood thirsty race—succeed, by an ingenious piece of treachery, in destroying the whole ship’s crew, *except* the inseparable Pym and Peters.—These heroes—doubly, trebly heroes—escape in a canoe, and put boldly forth (forcing one of the natives to accompany them) upon the wide and desolate Antarctic Ocean, in a latitude exceeding *eighty-four degrees*, and with no provision but three turtles.” They continue on their course for a week, forever sailing southward, until on the 22d of March, a singular *dénouement* takes place. It is thus described in Mr. Pym’s journal: “The darkness had materially increased, relieved only by the glare of the water, thrown back from the white curtain before us. Many gigantic and pallidly white birds flew continuously

now from beyond the veil, and their scream was the eternal *Teck-eli-li*, as they retreated from our vision. * * * And now we rushed into the embraces of the cataract, where a chasm threw itself open to receive us. But there arose in our pathway a shrouded human figure, very far larger in its proportions than any dweller among men; and the hue of the skin of the figure was of the perfect whiteness of the snow."

Here the narrative concludes.—How Mr. Pym succeeded in retracing his way from among the mysteries of the extreme southern hemisphere, we are not informed. Why—some one inquires—should every thing—the waters—the vaporous sky—the birds—be represented emphatically as *white*, and still *more* white, as the voyagers approximate the Pole; and what is meant by the gigantic human figure of *snow white* skin that looms across the pathway? We hold the shrouded figure to be typical of the genius that guards the extreme secrets of the Polar realm; but of the *white* birds, &c., we can make nothing. As there is no ice, according to Mr. Pym, below the fifth parallel of southern latitude, the whiteness of all the objects he encountered, cannot be considered as metaphorically shadowing forth the sterile, ghastly and boundless fields of ice,

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* * * The rest of the volume under review, consists chiefly of a series of brief tales and sketches, remarkable rather for extravagance and *grotesquerie*, than for any high order of humor. One or two of these, however, as, for example, the "Scene in a Madhouse," and "The Predicament, or how to write a Blackwood article," are exceedingly ludicrous. "The Analysis of *Maelzel's Chess Player*," displays the unerring logical sagacity of the author in a very striking light; and the review of the "Quacks of Helicon," contains one of the most indignant, eloquent and scathing protests against the corruption of the Press in this country, that we have ever read.

The present volume finishes the collection of Poe's works originally contemplated, and in connection with the *three* volumes preceding it, embraces, the publisher assures us, everything which it is probable that Poe himself would have wished to preserve. We conclude, as we begun, by expressing our conviction of the extraordinary genius manifested in these productions, and the firm belief that their author's claims to immortality are at least equal to the claims of any other American writer whatsoever.

THE SKAPTAR YOKUL.*

A TALE OF ICELAND.

I passed the winter of 1842 at Naples. Dining one day with the American Consul, I became acquainted with a Monsieur De La Roche, a Frenchman of middle age, whose precarious health obliged him to reside altogether in the south of Italy. From the first we were attracted towards each other. To what this was owing I could never precisely divine, for our difference of temperament was remarkable. De La Roche, notwithstanding his delicate constitution, was blessed with a constant flow of animal spirits, which no bodily infirmity could depress; whereas I was a staid, melancholy individual, given to solitude and philosophy.

Nevertheless, our accidental acquaintance ripened into intimacy—intimacy into disinterested friendship.

M. De La Roche had been, during his youth, an extensive traveller. Indeed, until the failure of his health, nothing could quench his thirst for novelty. Having always possessed an independent fortune, these tastes were readily gratified, and at the age of twenty-six he had probably seen as much of the world as Alexander Von Humboldt, or the Wandering Jew. He was a man, too, upon whom travel wrought manifold improvements. An inquiring mind, and an address which early knowledge of good society had polished to the extreme of suavity and grace, were, as regards the first, rendered more sound

and deep, and, in relation to the second, deprived of that Parisian *politesse* which carries with it, I know not what of hollowness and insincerity. My friend owned a villa in the vicinity of Naples, and not being cumbered with a family, was generally very much at his ease. Here we passed many weeks of delightful converse together. In the mellow winter evenings of the South we repaired to the well-stocked library, and while M. De La Roche reclined upon a couch before the fire, I would read to him from some favorite book, until a happy idea, or vivid description, caused the face of the invalid to glow, and his own notions and experiences were substituted for those of the author. It was at these times that I was favored with a number of interesting details, recounted in a lively and striking manner, several of which I well remember, and have arranged in the following narrative.

"I was in London," said M. De La Roche, "during the January of 18—, where I was happy to encounter an old travelling companion, whom I had known in Persia, an eccentric gentleman, by the name of Merton.

"We met, unexpectedly, at a soiree, and immediately renewed our acquaintance. Merton was an impulsive, fanciful, extravagant, dashing fellow, who, like myself, never tarried long in one place, and

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lived upon the excitement of continual change and motion. We had not been three hours with each other, before planning a new expedition, which was sufficiently original and romantic. Among our many perigrinations, we had, hitherto, avoided northern latitudes, not even having ventured to St. Petersburg; but now we conceived the idea of visiting Iceland, and joining (should opportunity offer) in a search for the North-west passage. Accordingly, about a month after, we took berths aboard an American brig, at Yarmouth, bound for the coast of Greenland, but intending to touch at Iceland on the way. Our voyage was prosperous, and some time in March we landed at Reykiavik, on the Fare Fiord. Before leaving England, we had procured letters of introduction to the Prefector of the District in which the capital was situated, who received us with great hospitality, and begged us to remain with him during our sojourn in the country. This invitation was accepted, and we soon became domesticated in the household of our host, who was a character but rarely found, save in those remote regions, where the rigors of the climate foster the home-bred virtues, and strengthen the ties of association.

"The Prefector's name was Jorgenson. His family consisted of a son—an uncouth lad—and a most lovely niece, Christina. To the latter belonged the fair complexion of the women of the North, but her eyes were full, dark, and lustrous as those which bewilder the stranger on the *Murallas* of Cadiz or Barcelona. As my tale, however, is not one of love, I would only observe, incidentally, that to the charms of this beautiful creature my friend seemed disposed to succumb, so that when, after six weeks' residence in Reykiavik, Jor-

genson proposed that we should abandon our sports of seal-spearing and bear-stalking, for a visit to the interior of the Island, Merton received the proposition with anything but favor.

"It was not until Christina could be persuaded to grace the expedition with her presence, that he displayed the slightest desire to examine the curiosities of the mid-land Provinces. The incidents of our journey were not remarkable.—Rocky plains and stunted plants, precipitous hills, and wild, impetuous rivulets, that gushed from their summits with the velocity of dreams, formed the general characteristics of the country through which we passed. On the evening of the tenth day after our departure from the sea-board, we spread our tents upon the borders of one of the noblest streams that ever rolled from the mountains to the ocean. The name of this river was the Skaptar Yokul. It glided through wide meadows, fringed with a scanty turf. Here we established our temporary home. Fishing and hunting consumed our time—or rather, I should say, *my* time, and that of the majority of our comrades—for Merton never joined us.

* * * * *

"We had now been many days on the banks of the Skaptar Yokul. Our Stewart, the eldest of the party, declared that he had never known a season in Iceland so advanced and favorable for vegetation. The blades of "melur," or wild oats, were springing rapidly from the earth; the low shrubbery was again budding forth into greenness; and from quiet nooks, where the snow, like remnants of a tattered robe, still lingered, berries of red, and blue, and purple, just rounding into ripeness, peered forth in the genial sunshine of spring.

"The river, freed from its last

burden of ice, was rolling rapidly and melodiously through the fields. The song of birds stirred the air; and far off, over the sloping banks, cropping the herbage, 'and tossing their beamed frontlets to the sky,' large herds of reindeer roamed leisurely to and fro, now pausing at some elevated spot, to contemplate our encampment, and now browsing onward, quietly as before. Occasionally, one of these magnificent animals, prompted by special curiosity, left the main company, and approaching the river side, reconnoitered our position with mathematical accuracy, and then withdrew. It was a picturesque scene, and to me, at least, novel in the extreme. But one dark feature loomed up from the landscape, and that impressed me with a strange sense of dread. There was something of horrible presentiment connected with this feeling; I could not explain it, for what human imagination could have conceived the terrors that the elements, even then, were laboring to engender. The object of which I speak was a volcano, called like the river, the Skaptar Yokul. It consisted of twenty conical peaks, of no great height, red in color, and forming a circle around a central elevation, crowned with snow. While the atmosphere elsewhere was remarkably lucid and serene, a dense, unnatural mist hovered over the desolation of the mountain, shifting with the wind, and growing, as I thought, more gloomy and portentous every hour. I endeavored to turn my attention from what the natives declared to be a very common phenomenon; but an oppressive anxiety, a boding awe, impelled my eyes again and again to those awful peaks, and that shadowy, mysterious, thickening cloud. 'My friend,' said I, to the Stewart, who was near at hand, 'what means

that veil over the Yokul? I have watched it each day during the week, and each day it has spread and darkened, until now, at evening, when the sun sets behind it, you can hardly recognize his disk, it appears so lurid and bloody.'

"The man laughed aloud. 'Why, you strangers,' he replied, 'are timid as children; I have been fifty years on this Island, and many and many a time have I seen our mountains circled with fire and smoke, until the light of day was dim; and I have known the ground rock under me like a sea, and the air grow stifling, and the wind pass away, and thunder bellow beneath the earth louder and wilder than ever boomed from the heavens. *This* was terrible—but vapor on the top of a mountain! pshaw! It has been there, sir, from the beginning of the world.'

"Without venturing to offend the speaker's national pride, by the suggestion that his Island was probably created at a much later date than the rest of the globe, I merely demurred to his conclusion concerning my want of nerve, and pursued my walk along the borders of the stream alone. Rambling along, I met Merton and Christina. Never had I beheld the latter so lovely. The glow of health on her cheek; the soft meaning in her eye; the disordered locks that caught and retained the sunbeams; the elastic step, and the lithe, active, buoyant figure; in a word, the *toute ensemble* of gracious beauty and exulting hope—this was an embodiment of all that is most attractive to youthful sentiment and passion! With how unspeakable a fondness my friend regarded her! Transitory hope, and gladness of an hour.—Eros on the verge of the shades! How I look back and wonder at the ineffable calm, the unsuspecting happiness of that deep affect-

tion, so soon to become ——; but I anticipate, though God knows I could willingly spare you the remainder of these details. The pair greeted me gaily, and walked on! I felt no disposition to join them; but as they loitered along the green slope towards our tents, I turned, with unaccountable interest, to survey their motions. Merton stopped for a moment, and plucking some weed or flower from the path, handed it to his companion. I saw her place it in her bosom, and then the lovers drew closer together, and their converse seemed more subdued and absorbing. I turned from them, and proceeded on my way. Suddenly, and before I was aware of the distance I had traversed, I stumbled over some fragments of basaltic formation, and, looking up, there stood the mountain—that dreadful Skaptar Yokul! I absolutely shuddered with horror.—‘What could be the meaning of this?’ was an inward query, that in vain demanded a response. The oracles of the judgment were dumb; but that strange conviction of impending ill—that warning of some faculty beyond the scrutiny of reason, which has given birth to the doctrine of presentiments, almost overpowered me. Reason cannot combat such a sentiment, for I believe reason to be subordinate to it. Oh! these shadowy, inexplicable promptings, so little revered, so fearfully true? Disregarding *them*, men have burst from the arms of wife and children, to meet death upon the highway; youths have perished on the sea; women, fair and innocent, have wedded themselves to infamy and lust; statesmen have fallen from the cabinet to the scaffold; priests have been assassinated at the altar; and miseries, in fine, without number, have followed the neglect of this fearful monitor! Had I thought of these

things when I stood at the base of the Icelandic volcano; had some good angel seconded that warning, INSTINCT, which whispers at the threshold of our being, a dark memory, an awful experience, would have been shunned.

“I could no more tear myself from the vicinity of the mountain, than I had been able previously, when it lowered at a distance, to turn my eyes upon the more pleasing characteristics of the scene. The twenty precipitous, rugged hills, and the snowy cone in the middle, possessed a basilisk fascination I would have given much to be rid of. At length, a kind of ratiocination, I was pleased to term philosophy, came to my aid. My fears, having nothing tangible on which to ground themselves, I argued, *à priori*, that they must be absurd. With this conviction, I stifled the imaginations that troubled me, the judgment regaining its equanimity, as each received its *quietus*. It was a hollow peace, however, and by no means triumphant. I returned to the camp, and at the supper table that night, was desperately gay. I felt like the member of a forlorn hope, carousing, for the last time, before an encounter, in which the chances of destruction averaged about one to fifty. I could not restrain my excitement. Had I partaken of the punch which our Stewart never failed to prepare with his own hands, this might have been accounted for, but I remember the testy Bacchanalian was mortally offended at my declining to join him in his evening potations. Muttering something about the lamentable condition of morals in Europe, where men in respectable society were so shockingly temperate as to retire *sans* a ‘night cap,’ the grisly old grumbler seated himself on a barrel in the corner, and washed down his wrath

with the contents of a bowl that Eric Scambester would have stared at. The seat that he had chosen, was, fortunately, near his couch, for after two hours of meditation and drinking, (which latter operation embraced four-fifths of the time) he probably thought the 'night cap' sufficiently adjusted, and tumbled, precipitately into bed. Our entire party, except myself, were now sunk in repose. Silence rested on the encampment, the deep rush of the river alone breaking the stillness. I fancied there was something unusual in the sound. The dull monotony of the waves was unvaried, but it seemed as if their voice was deeper, and their flow more turbid.

"What struck me, too, as strange, was, that the temperature in the tent, which always grew many degrees colder after nightfall, continued as during the day. Soon the heat increased—it became intolerable.

"So startling a phenomenon needed confirmation. Was it not the fever in my own blood? A pocket thermometer, belonging to Merton, hung near. I examined it by the smouldering embers of the fire. It was true! my sensations had not deceived me. The quicksilver trembled at a point denoting *an atmospheric condition which belonged to the Tropics, and to the Tropics only in the meridian of summer.*

"I felt the blood tingle towards my heart, and I grew faint from this indescribable suspense of agony. I stood a moment, gazing vacantly at the instrument, the palting fire, and the dim, uncertain outlines of the coarse canopy above. Then I said, to myself, 'I am ill—my brain wanders—it is a phantasy!'

"Several of our companions had been seized, of late, with fever and

delirium. Exposure legitimately engendered them. Were that the case, it was best I also should sleep,—and yet, what meant the heated atmosphere? The thermometer did not lie; and surely, *surely*, this boded mischief. A storm, perhaps, impended. I had heard the Islanders say, that at certain seasons storms were common here. Was the present the proper period? I could not tell. At all events, speculation was useless. Why not leave the tent, and at once resolve these doubts? Probably I should find every thing—the encampment, the river, the meadows, even the accursed Skaptar Yokul, precisely as I had left them. I *knew* that they remained unchanged; only the moon, as I perceived, by a slight glimmer through the tent, had risen, and was shining without. I wondered if a cloud still lingered upon the mountain—whether it had increased—what shape it had assumed—and how it looked in the moonlight. With a sudden resolution, I rose, and advanced a step or two towards the door. The cloth flapped sullenly across the entrance. Ashamed of my weakness, but impotent as a child in the grasp of a nameless terror, I started back and listened. It was only the wind. Oh! *now*, beyond doubt, I *was* delirious; I would expose myself to these foolish alarms no more; so, without doffing my garments, I lay down to repose. Singular to say, notwithstanding the extraordinary excitement of the nerves, I did not long continue awake. Sleep, profound and dreamless, locked my senses in a rigidity of oblivion, such as follows an overdose of opium. It may have been minutes or hours, I know not, when a stifling sensation, oppressive as a nightmare, recalled me to consciousness. I rose on my pallet, and instantly became aware of a disagreeable

odour of sulphur. Smoke, densely packed, as from a cannonade, pervaded the apartment. From its unwholesome inhalation, my breath came short and quick, my veins were swollen painfully, and a profuse perspiration covered the whole body. Springing up, I again consulted the thermometer. Could I trust my eyesight? it had actually risen to *one hundred and fifty degrees*.

"At this moment a sound indescribably deep, and sullen, accompanied by a shudder of the ground beneath me, rose ominously as if from the very centre of the earth. Then, after an instant's death-like stillness, there burst forth a peal—a succession of peals of thunder—in which the echoes of the world's greatest battle would have been—lost—swallowed up—annihilated.

"With a bound I dashed aside the dark covering of the tent, and gazed out into the night. God of mercy! what a spectacle was there! The fearful solution of the haunting presentiment—the awful dread—the inexplicable doubt—flashed on me like flames from a charnel. We were in the midst of an eruption—an eruption from the Skaptar Yokul! Never to mortal eyes had been revealed before a mightier sublimity of horrors! The cloud that at sunset was a mere blot in the distance, had now widened through space, drifting in eddies along the heavens, and momentarily obscuring the moon, that gleamed dimly beyond the shroud. The air reeked with an insufferable admixture of gases, vapour and pumice; and the ashes showered around, fell densely, and with unparalleled velocity. But the object more awful than aught else—an object of paralyzing grandeur, was a volume of liquid fire that swept towards the late peaceful channels of the river. Gleaming and swelling as it pro-

gressed, I perceived that the tide already overtopped the banks, and that soon the level meadow supporting our encampment, would be completely overflowed.

"To rush shrieking among my comrades, to intimate hurriedly the danger;—to unloose, from the adjoining tent, (which had served for a stable,) the first horses I could secure;—to drag Merton and Christina, stupefied by the suddenness of the announcement, to a position where we could mount, and brave together the terrors that beset us; to plunge the spurs madly into the flanks of my steed, and lead the way—if possible—to some point of safety, appeared the work of an age, although in reality accomplished with the miraculous celerity of desperation. As we advanced, the imminence of our peril became more and more apparent. We were traversing a valley between two extensive ridges, and it was evident that if the waters of the river, which, swayed by the convulsions of the earthquake, were rising in boiling eddies above the embankments, should reach the summit we had left, the inter spaces would—almost immediately—be devastated by the flood. But there was no time for thought, and we bore recklessly on. To treble our difficulties, the moon now withdrew even the uncertain light she had afforded us, and darkness almost total encompassed our path. Still trusting to the remarkable instinct of our horses, we speeded onward—onward—like the wind. I calculated that we had progressed some miles, and that the crisis of our trial was over—when the broken, flinty ground we were passing, curved suddenly upward into a hill. As we reached the top, (what a thrill of despair shot through us then!)—hissing and sparkling, a sea of molten fire—for the union of gases,

phosphorus and lava seemed to have set the tide ablaze—writhed and travailed below, and splitting against every obstruction in its course, dashed into jets of flame, like a monster serpent, spitting venom and blood.

"Our true situation became at once apparent. Trusting to the sagacity of the animals we rode—themselves half wild with affright—we had made a complete circuit in the darkness, and were re-approaching the very plain upon which our encampment had stood. The ghastly glare from those infernal waves, displayed to us each other's features. Seldom have *such* countenances been beheld *this* side the grave! At length, Merton spoke. His mother would not have known that voice. It was strained, husky, savage—almost inhuman in its agony of supplication. 'Fly! fly! for the love of Heaven, fly! do you not see that had she the strength of fifty of her sex, it *must* fail her soon,' and he pointed to the sinking form of Christina, whom, half dead from exhaustion, he had taken on the saddle before him, and was endeavoring to support in her precarious seat. Replying not, but motioning him again to follow, we sped down the descent and made for the uplands, which I knew lay a mile and a half due North. For several hundred yards we were compelled to keep on a line with the river, as affording the only tenable ground in the neighborhood. I had observed, the day previous, that a deep morass bordered our path upon the right. To avoid this, without venturing too near the river, was an object I tasked every faculty, physical and mental, to accomplish. We had just cleared the narrow ridge I have described—Merton and his charge being in the rear—when a tumultuous crash in the direction of the stream, caused

me to look back to ascertain what additional danger threatened us. A single glance informed me that escape was hopeless. The lofty rampart of sand and rocks, that hitherto formed a barrier against the element, had completely given way.

"Falling from the height, a cataract of fire, and bearing directly on our road with a velocity doubled by the elevation of its egress, the gleaming waters burst forward to engulf us. There was a piercing cry, and the fall of a heavy body behind me. The horse that carried my companions, goaded to phrenzy, had snapped the rein and hurled his riders to the earth. He trampled by me like a tempest. I snatched at the bridle as he passed, but might as well have tried to grasp a sun beam. At this instant, a current of wind parted the veil of smoke and ashes that had obscured the light, and the moon shone on the unimaginable horrors of the scene. My own steed now grew ungovernable. Alarmed by the other's flight, he dashed furiously on his track. My brain spun with the madness of the motion, and the soil glided beneath us with the rapidity of thought. A grey object, towering beyond me, caught my eye. It was a site some forty feet above the level of the field—a granite mound strewn with the fragments of a ruined temple. I threw myself from my horse—heeded not a severe concussion that rewarded the act—clambered half way up the gorge, and then turned to witness the fate of the unfortunate beings from whom I had been separated. Across the intervening space a double radiance was cast—radiance from the Heavens—and a sickly, death-like glare from the onward rushing torrents. Merton, to all appearance uninjured by his fall, had lifted Christina in his arms, and still hastened desperately forward; but the raging billows were

almost upon them, and the hand of the Eternal alone could have rescued the devoted pair. As I gazed, Merton evidently became aware that further efforts were vain. He paused abruptly, and knelt with his precious burden upon the sod. I could see them as distinctly as if I, too, had been standing on the spot. With his back turned to the destruction—as if to shield its view from his beloved—my gallant friend imprinted one last kiss upon her lips, and then drew from his breast a large golden crucifix that he always bore about his person. It flashed, like a divine glory, amid that unearthly desolation. Pallid as the whitest marble that ever glistened from the sculptor's chisel—beautiful, ineffably beautiful, Christina opened her eyes upon the symbol of *life in death*. The raven hair was cast back, the inanimate form revived, and a trembling hand clasped the cross to her lips. The action deranged her robes, and from the bodice that girdled that young, innocent, loving heart, *something like a bouquet of flowers* dropped upon the ground; and now the shadow of the gigantic flood flickered over them. It progressed, deepened, past—until—until—oh! God, that I should speak it!—the consuming torrents whelmed the victims in their lurid eddies, and swept two of the fairest, and noblest of our race, from the records of mankind forever.”

* * * * *

The story was completed. M. De La Roche sunk back on his seat exhausted. Observing that he continued silent, I remarked,—“These painful recollections disturb you, endeavor to recall them no more.”

“We cannot,” he replied, “de-throne memory at will. In my individual experience you perceive there has been much of the ‘bizar-

re.’ To pass through that which I have undergone, required a constitution of adamant. I survived the shock, the wreck of what I was. You cannot, therefore, be surprised that I become disquieted whenever induced to allude to the subject.”

“And yet,” I rejoined, “melancholy seems an unwonted guest of yours. I have all along deemed you the most cheerful of men; I confess, when I have pondered on your malady and its nature, this *has* surprised me.”

“Yes! but the reason of my cheerfulness during the months that I have known *you*, is the certainty that I shall soon be rid of this disease.”

I did not answer—pitying the invalid's hallucination—for he was evidently in a hopeless decline.

“You do not understand me,” he continued, “I mean that *Death* is at hand. Disease cannot follow us into the grave. It is joy inconceivable, this conviction of approaching rest. O! the unfathomable peace of our final sleep! For me, Death has cast aside all the hideous paraphernalia of his state. We have been bed-fellows for years. We have eaten at the same board—partaken of the same cup—walked together in shady lanes during the pleasant days of Spring, and sometimes at sunset, when I looked with saddened eyes at the fading light, and mused how soon I, too, must pass into darkness, Death has come between me and the thought, and pointed with wan finger to the zenith. And there I have beheld innumerable Islands of gold and purple, floating above the sun. These were exhalations from earth, and yet they mounted *upward*. Then would I turn to Death, and the Monarch's eyes beamed kindly upon me. Life, with a serenity as lovely as the twilight of this beautiful clime, is passing away to the

unknown BEYOND. The shadow of the mysterious change falls refreshingly on my spirit. Great hopes are whispered too from the pages of the wise, who have travelled the "dark valley" before me. With Milton, I traverse the great spaces up to the central glory. Between the solemn draperies, and sombre fantasies of the "ebon bard,"* I see, as in a divine illumination, the stars of the Heaven that grows not dim, and the glory of the immortals, and the rush of the rivers in the light of Aidenne. And then, my friend, when the soul is less highly strung—when the flesh cries aloud, and the world I had loathed assumes again the wanton deceptions of old, I fly to the profound consolations of the Pioneer of English Philosophy, and lo! it is written:

"I have often thought upon *death*, and I find it the least of all evils. All that which is past, is as a dream; and he that hopes, or depends upon time coming, dreams waking. So much of our life as we have discovered, is already dead; and all those hours which we share, even from the breasts of our mother, until we return to our grandmother, the earth, are part of our dying days, whereof even this is one, and those that succeed, are of the same nature, for we die daily.

* * * * The night was even now, but that name is lost; it is not now late, but early. *Mine eyes begin to discharge their watch, and compound with this fleshy weakness*

for a time of perpetual rest, and I shall presently be as happy for a few hours, as I had died the first hour I was born." "After all," concluded De La Roche, in a feeble voice, "the paradox of the Syrian Dramatist, the friend of Cæsar, the rival of Laberius, is *not* unfounded in truth. "That man is happiest who dies *before* he wishes for death." "Alas! that such a fate cannot be mine!"

A month subsequent to this conversation, I stood by my friend's grave at Rome.

From among the ruins of the "Eternal City," (dim arcades, and temples, and the Coliseum in the distance, and broken vaults and defaced tombs around,) I looked up through the breathless night, and thought of "that *Throne* which cannot be *ruined*." Oh! blessed Faith in human souls, that from the death-bed and the sepulchre springest, elastic as the first joys of childhood, and strong as infallible convictions of matured and rigid reason! This *principle* is pressed down habitually by the iron weights of our sad mortality—but when the prison-house of one dear to our affections is broken up, and the last fetter of the earthly chain dissolved, then it seems to me that we are permitted for a moment to look out upon eternity, and to follow the spirit's flight,

"With strength like that which lift's the eagle's wing—
Where the stars dazzle, and the angels sing."

* Young.

WOMAN'S WARNING.

AN ALLEGORY.

Upon a couch of luxurious magnificence a woman lay sleeping. The angel of Dreams hovered over her, and borne by airy wings for miles and miles, she floated on to the heart of a great city. There she was left alone, but felt no terror, for she recognised the scene where had passed her earliest and her maiden years. A spacious garden, hemmed in by high walls, was gay and brilliant with flowers and birds and butterflies. This she saw through a little grating, and remembered well, but the gates were firmly locked and barred, and when she beat upon them, they did not open, but a grave matron in sad-colored raiment put forth her head at the grating and seemed to ask her right to enter.

"May I not go in?" said the Dreamer.

"Will you venture? Look," and the solemn portress opened a window in the great gate, and disclosed a merry crowd of women and children all dressed in simple white with golden girdles, and filling the balmy air with their soft cries and laughter. "You must leave your velvets and jewels at this portal."

"Yes," said the Dreamer, and the matron smiled and seemed pleased and threw back the heavy gates, and as the new-comer's small foot pressed the green sward of the garden, her gorgeous robes fell silently from her and she was purely white, like the distant groups.

And the portress kissed her on the brow—and the kiss was kind, and calm, and warm, and the Dreamer felt happy and careless as a little child.

"Now your golden zone," said

the matron, and she drew from her bosom a circle like a bracelet, and clasped it around the waist of the Dreamer. Instantly a strange pang shot through her heart. There seemed an icy touch upon her. The glistening girdle, so cold and so pure, pressed upon her painfully. It seemed to control her movements: she felt angered by its steady, unwavering hold, and yet she could not find the courage quite to throw it off, for she saw that the spirit of her conductress was troubled, and as she lay upon her couch, the woman flung out her white arms above her head, and groaned aloud.

"Go—join your sisters. Say that I sent you. My name is Charity."

The Dreamer passed on and mingled with the lovely revellers.—She recognized her early playmates. Some were yet children, and others were budding girls. Some were tender mothers, who, as they frolicked and ran, held by the hand little stumbling infants, or lent the ends of their flowing skirts to laughing prattlers. They flew to meet their restored companion.

"Charity bade me come," said the Dreamer.

They all embraced her, and the little children held up their rosy lips with kind welcome.

"Will you weave garlands with us?" said one. "Chase butterflies with me," said another. "Let us sit upon this bank and tell stories," said a third.

"My girdle hurts me," said the Dreamer.

The gay crowd shuddered and drew back; but the eldest of the

mothers, with a sad, sweet smile, asked "Dear sister, do you wish to wear it, nevertheless?"

"Gladly."

Upon which, the rest all gathered around again with gentle murmurs of sympathy, and hastened to make the strong circlet easy. They passed their soft hands over it; they lined the sharp edges with rose leaves, till at length she grew accustomed to the pressure, and as she lay upon her couch, the woman let her arms drop upon her purple coverlet, and sighed with conscious relief.

"Come to us always," whispered the low voices of her friends, "come to us when your golden zone wearies you, and we will help to make it endurable."

The Dreamer loved these kind creatures, and yet she knew them to be nothing out of dream land, but good, sober women, dwelling in obscure corners of this great globe. She would have sneered in a ball-room at their simple manners and provincial notions, but they had truer hearts than belonged to greater names, and here she clung to them, and they protected and cared for her.

All the day long they sported and made merry in this beautiful garden, and then they feasted upon fruits and creams, and danced upon the green turf. At length the twilight darkened around them, and as the stars began to twinkle above their heads, a silvery trumpet rang out from the house, and like an avalanche the white-robed groups swept towards the marble steps.

By this time the Dreamer had learnt almost to love her firm, unyielding girdle. There was strength in its touch, and when tired for an instant of the innocent mirth, she pressed it against her panting heart, her pulse would again beat calmly, and she would feel at rest.

Surrounded by her play-fellows, they flocked into the house,—their arms entwined—and passed through long corridors until they reached a stately door—a door shining like crystal, studded with gems.

Here the Dreamer noticed that a shade of gravity fell upon the faces of her elder companions, as if they were approaching some known danger. Gently they released her from their loving clasp, and pointed to the inscription above the door. In letters of living fire was traced, "The Hall of Temptation."

"Through this we pass singly," they said in firm and serious tone. "Watch us; follow us; be not led astray."

They glided silently in, one by one. The elder sisters with quiet dignity, gathering their skirts about them, looking neither to the right nor to the left, their mild eyes steadily fixed ahead.

The younger and giddier of the troupe ran along with less care, and once or twice some gay girl paused for a second, as her quick glance rovingly discovered food for curiosity—for this hall was filled with every luxury—with every tempting vice that ever spoke to a woman's heart or senses.

There were card tables for female gamblers, strewed with rouleaux of gold—and the red wine cup,—and costly garments,—and dishes diffusing spicy odors,—and shadowy groups were seen through vistas, with heads bent together talking earnestly, and with flushed cheeks,—and the sound of distant music showed you a ball-room afar off.

But these young girls resolutely turned from all detention, wended their way with safety, and passed on and on, almost out of sight.

The little children floated by and looked about with innocent wonder; flowers sprang up beside them, nod-

ding their fragrant heads as if to say "pluck me," and toys and cherries, dolls and ribbons encumbered the path. A kitten rubbed its soft fur on the little naked feet that pattered along, and tiny dogs shook their bells on their silver collars, and invited a romp, but the baby travellers passed on unheeding.

The Dreamer came last, and as she lay upon her couch, she folded her arms across her eyes and breathed quickly. She stepped upon the inlaid floor and trembled.

Her companions looked back and beckoned her on. She could see their lips murmur: "Hasten to rejoin us."

The Goal was almost reached. With one hand resting on her girdle, a strong and hopeful heart had almost banished fear, when her name was whispered beside her. She turned—there stood a youth as beautiful as imagination could picture.

"Stay with us," he said, "you will soon tire of these prosy women. You can't eat fruit and play with children forever. We will love you more than they can do.—See, we have waited for you," and he pointed to a brilliant cluster of dancers, who bowed their proud heads and held out their white gloved hands and made signs to her that she should be crowned Queen of the Revels. The Dreamer smiled and—listened. "How beautiful you are!" pursued the youth, "beautiful in that homely dress and that old-fashioned zone. You shall be our sovereign. Choose among these riches; clothe those lovely limbs in fitting state. Deck your fair locks with a diamond chaplet, and show how far your eyes out-shine it."

The Dreamer did not consent, but she let the Tempter take her hand; she turned aside her radiant face coquettishly, and played with

a string of rubies scattered near, dropping the red beads through her white fingers and blushing tenderly.

Softly from afar came the low voices of her companions "Hasten, sister; linger not. We do not offer pleasure, but we give peace.

The words fell faintly on her ear.

"Come, sweet one, do you not heed me?" He knelt and kissed the hem of her snowy robe, and she looked down into the depths of his dangerous eyes and owned his power. Triumphant he encircled her waist, and on her bended brow she felt his lips, the seal of her submission.

Alas! with sudden violence, the golden girdle crushed into her side, and with a scream, she saw great drops of blood trickle slowly from the wound, and then the strong circlet snapped, as if of glass.—The rubies, like hot stones, seared her hands. Spectres surrounded her; the lights, the brilliancy, the gay forms, were gone; serpents crawled over her, and lapped the red blood from her heart; sighs and moans echoed near her.—Where was the Tempter? She saw only a fleshless skeleton, whose mouldering bones crumbled apart—and as she lay upon her couch, the Dreamer beat wildly in the air and called for help. She shuddered, and strove to shake off the dreadful serpents. They glared at her with their flickering eyes, and darted out their slender tongues.

"Oh, Charity, Charity," she cried, "save me once more," and with the uttered words, the woman sprang into consciousness.

She threw herself upon her knees—her streaming eyes she raised to Heaven. "Oh, Father," she murmured with passionate energy, "I am weak. I am human. May I not regain my golden girdle?"

A FEW THOUGHTS UPON EATING.

The liver acts upon the mind, as the elements act upon a thermometer. A happy man cannot be conceived who does not possess a good digestion, and a good digestion almost every one would enjoy, were it not for abominable mismanagement, a sort of Vandalic destruction of normal powers, which is equally wanton and senseless. Almost every European nation may be considered, upon the whole, more healthful than we are. The reason is two-fold. First, they do not convert themselves into walking chimneys, which as a matter of duty, must be continually filled with smoke; and secondly, they do not run against Time, striving to despatch their meals within the limited space of three minutes and a quarter. An American "*table d'hôte*," is a singular spectacle. No sooner has that horrid instrument, which we owe to the diabolical ingenuity of the Chinese, ceased to sound its ear-splitting notes, than a heterogeneous throng, of all sizes and ages, press forward "*en masse*," trampling on each other's toes, in order to procure eligible seats near the favorite dishes. Then, for an instant, all is silent, and you begin to think it possible that you have mistaken your men, and that you may be, (notwithstanding that dreadful rush, or "*coup de main*") among reasonable Christian creatures. But alas! the very next movement dispels the illusion. The covers are abstracted, and then what a fearful onslaught upon "fish, flesh, and fowl!" The soup being "used up" at a gulp, and whole plates of vegetables disposed of as mere "*bagatelles*," an attack commences upon the heavier viands, which is likewise successful, and ends in *their* too, dissolv-

ing, "like the baseless fabric of a vision." Great sepulchral mouths close upon whatever is conveyed thither with a remorseless rapidity, which leaves no time for mastication, and just the fraction of a second for deglutition. Bread is consumed by the half loaf, and meat by the cubic foot. As for those trifles styled side dishes, they pass away by a species of *legerdemain*, which we have never been able to detect, but which is equally successful and adroit. Such microscopic appurtenances as pickles, and the other *et ceteras* of a feast, appear to merge, of their own accord, into the material of the weightier viands, as asteroids will finally merge into the sun. A minute serves for the first course—a minute for the second—and, occasionally, when business is not particularly urgent, a minute and a quarter is given to the third. Thus, the average meal time is accomplished, and the scores of satisfied diners, having gorged themselves after the manner of the crocodile, and succeeded in materially increasing their ordinary weight, stroll away with a facility which is astonishing, considering the amount of matter that they have swallowed whole, and which, taken in that condition, even the anaconda cannot digest properly under a week. But when we consider that these persons repeat, with but slight modification, the operation we have described, THREE times a day, it becomes a matter of melancholy reflection and grave solicitude. How many years of life are cut off by a system like this, it would be difficult to determine, nor is it worth the while, for (and we do not intend to advance any inhuman proposition) men who

are such savages as to gormandize thus, deserve to be taken to another and—a more fruitful world.

And yet we moderns (Americans especially) pretend to ridicule the elegant epicurism of the ancients, those imaginative and refined individuals, whose most sensual delights had something of sentiment mingled with them. Instead of huge surloins of half-roasted beef, tough mutton, and greasy fragments of the Jew's abomination, the articles most in request among the Romans, and which never failed to constitute the "*caena*" of the wealthy, were, according to Varro—"the peacock from Samos, the Phrygian turkey, cranes from Melos, Ambracian kids, the Tartesian mullet, trouts from Persenum-tium, Tarentine oysters, crabs from Chios, Tatian nuts, Egyptian dates, and Iberian chestnuts." There! reader, think of that! and reflect, besides, that all these dainties were served up upon plate of gold, and in chambers where the "perfumed air" stole around the statues of god, and rustled the roses upon the brows of the banqueters. And in the pauses of the feast, "music from soft lutes," stole in from some unseen recess, and lulled the senses to an Elysian quiet, best suited to contemplation, and—digestion. Ah! the "latter day" Romans, in losing

the stern virtues of their ancestors, gained a profound knowledge and appreciation of all the mysteries of the "*cuisine*," and when we—we, the barbarians of the present age, sneer at what we term their sumptuous ostentation, we only expose our own ignorance, and blindness, to the fascinating philosophy of one of the "Fine Arts."

But, says the modern gourmand, despite those "soft lutes," sweet roses, "perfumed air," and golden plate, Julius Caesar ate, at a meal, the revenue of several provinces. Vitellius made four great meals a day. Nero sat at table from mid-day till mid-night. Geta had an incredible number of dishes served up to him in alphabetical order; and the emperor Heliogabalus possessed the "insanest stomach" of any man (except Pope Julius III) who ever "lived to eat." True! undeniably true! but all we desire to convey is—that if persons *will* gormandize thus ferociously, let them, at least, use some discrimination, and *not* eat themselves into the grave at twenty-five, by mingling edibles, most gross, most heavy, and most indigestible, devoured after the manner of swine, and selected after the manner of South Sea Islanders, at the annual celebration in honor of their deities.

TO A CELEBRATED ACTRESS.

All moods and feelings—Sorrow—Love—Delight,
 Tempestuous Pride, and low-voiced Tenderness,
 The mournful pleadings of a mute Distress,
 And regal Passion's fiery-vested might,
 Thro' hast embodied to our souls, and sight,
 Unsealing the deep fountains of our tears,
 Or—lifting up our spirits from their spheres
 In the low ACTUAL, to the glorious height
 Of some sublime IDEAL: Art in thee,
 The genial hand-maid of a natural grace
 Moves to a queenly measure, bold and free,
 Yet—moulded ever in each perfect part,
 By that serene and sweet humanity
 Which crowns the Genius with the loyal Heart.

FELINIANA :

BEING A CHAPTER ON CATS.

"But how the subject theme may gang,
 Let time and chance determine ;
 Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
 Perhaps turn out a sermon."—Burns.

We believe it is the Editor of the "Knickerbocker," who has such an affectionate regard for cats—who keeps a favorite TABITHA in his sanctum, and whose monthly table of gossip and chit-chat is seldom ungarnished with a delectable dish, the chief ingredient whereof is a cat!

That is a queer taste, we think, which indulges itself thus—a taste vitiated and eccentric; and we do not hesitate, while condemning it, to avow the strongest antipathy for all cats soever—whether the brief, caudaled, half-panther of the forest, glaring malignity on belated traveller; the playful kitten, trolling the gudewife's ball of stocking yarn across the carpet; or the demure and pensive TABBY, perched in dignified reverie upon a footstool, or mumbling, as she lies in the glow of household fires, over her sweet and bitter memories—the mice she has slain, her hair-breadth 'scapes, from ireful urchins, her midnight orgies in well-stocked poultry-yards, her duckings innumerable in unfathomable horse-ponds.

There are other cats, too, which we hold in righteous abhorrence—that innocent tool, cats-paw, used by monks, for the disentanglement of roast chestnuts, and by means of which, politicians climb to place; that relic of barbarism, and disgrace to any navy, the Cat-o'-nine; that perplexing impertinence, Cat-eching; that squeaking horn, much used in the times of PORE and JOHN-SON, to effect the damnation of stu-

pid plays, Cat-call; that sneezy, wheezy, husky, stifled condition of the nostrils, fauces and bronchizæ, Cat-arrrh; that doubtful political principle, Cat-alinism; that awful suspension of speech, motion and volition, Cat-alepsy; that moist, musky, sobby contrivance for sick folk, Cat-aplasm; that unexpected and undesirable "bringing up, all standing," Cat-astrophe; and that horrid, unctuous, writhing reptile, wriggling his tortuous way to immortality, and at last soaring aloft on gorgeous wings, a thing of light, jovousness and splendor, the Cat-erpillar.

But it is with the feline race solely, we at present have to deal; that portion of them, specifically known as the *Felis domesticus*; and we approach the subject, with a desire to do our side of it full justice, "nothing extenuating."

To begin at the beginning.—Naturalists have been not a little puzzled about the aboriginal Cat-Land, and have made the unity of the races, Wild-Cat and House Cat, a bone of fierce contention. What boots it, whether they came from the banks of the Nile, or the steppes of Asia? Far more important are the queries—Will they ever go back? Might they not have escaped from HADES? As to the unity dispute, we can only wonder at it. Why have we not, ere this, a "Types of Catkind," for the solution of this, and all other knotty problems?—a profoundly pedantic oracle, silencing all dogs, which

have barking propensities, and ready, on the shortest notice, to unriddle any Sphinx, decypher any hieroglyphic, or furnish the biography of the most antiquated mummy? In the absence of such "Types," we can only say, that if the brutal instincts and savage propensities of the *Felis domesticus* do not establish its identity with the Wild-Cat, a certain feline idiosyncrasy, not mentionable here, would go far to support such an hypothesis; to strengthen the misgiving lest, when hospitable to cats, we are entreating savages in disguise. Not savages merely—perhaps *fiends*! For who shall say, there's not a spice of the infernal in cats?

Witness their unparalleled deceitfulness. Stroke the fur of the most amiable Puss the wrong way, how quickly will she spit, and sparkle up, all fire and fury?—and, true to the fiend that inhabits her, unsheath her claws, hid in padded and cloven feet, to attack the hand that feeds her.

Witness their wondrous tenacity of life, reviving and again stalking the earth—seeming miracles of resurrection—after the most desperate rencounters, and dire calamities!

Witness their insidious approaches, on velvety feet, to cupboard, dairy and granary; coming, no man knoweth when, and so departing; their eyes scorning darkness, their ears attuned to nicest sense, and vibrating to the smallest echo of danger. How like Satan, tripping about the world on noiseless foot, and stealing upon his prey so silently, it is beaten and bagged, ere it has suspicion of its peril.

Witness the dark superstitions and well-grounded fears, which, even in this enlightened age, cluster thick about GRIMALKIN's radiant furs—admonishing the nervous to rid the bed-chamber of his presence before retiring for the night—

instituting ceaseless vigils around the couch of him who sleeps the final sleep, but has not gone to his final resting-place—warning the fond mother to banish Puss from the cradle of her sleeping boy, lest she should steal the sweets of his balmy breath, and rob him of his heritage, heaven's free air—and filling with dread alarms the breast of him, who, having slain one of the tribe, expects the ghost at midnight to haunt his bedside, distempering his dreams, and rendering his slumbers fitful with fear!

Witness their indomitable pride, part and parcel of that disastrous ambition, which preferred the reign in hell, to servitude in heaven. We have seen cats in ladies' laps, sitting in state upon ottomans, or dozing on silken and 'brodered footstools; but never yet saw we one on the STOOL OF REPENTANCE. No persuasion can bring them to it—no punishment compel them; nor do we believe it possible to adduce a single authentic instance of feline penitence. *Cats never regret.* Correct one for its misdeeds, and it turns, venomous and raging, upon the chastening hand. Not so the dog, GRIMALKIN's great rival for the affections of man. When *he* is chastised, he frankly and fully owns his error; after his humble fashion, promises reformation; and manifests his contrition in a score of ways, so touching and impressive, 'tis a cruel hand, indeed, that is not arrested by his pleading. But to cats, sorrow is unknown. Heaven preserve us from all creatures that are never sorry—from all strangers to that sweet melancholy, which is the first half of repentance, and on whose sombre wings glitter the precious dewdrops of healing.

What, if cats were once embalmed, and their mummies are still to be found, among other rubbish, in the catacombs of Egypt? What,

if GRIMALKIN's ugly mug still stares out upon us from Theban marbles, figuring, side-by-side, with portraits of the Pharaohs? Is it any honor, at this period of time, (half after midnight, by the world's clock,) to be outraged in villainous etchings, done brown in clay statuettes, or denaturalized in clumsy marbles? What, if Caticide were once a capital offence, and often subjected the offending Egyptian to the instant retribution of Judge Lynch, at present presiding on the California bench? Have we not already a sufficiency of popular outbreaks, such as "election scrimmages," "firemen's riots," the departure of "underground railroad trains," &c.? What, if ancient Egypt did bow down to GRIMALKIN, PUSS and TABBY—building for them costliest temples—anoointing them with rarest perfumes—treating them to voluptuous baths, and luxurious edibles and potables? Shall we, therefore, do likewise? Who but the most ancient of fogies, would go groping amid the ponderous darkness of those old days, in search of precedents for THIS AGE? Tradition is losing her potency; the nineteenth century respects not her venerable mummery, is deaf to her, will soon annihilate her, and begin new songs to go down to posterity, dating from what CARLYLE calls the "NOW." And among these songs shall be, a "Death to Cats"—spirited and stirring as the old time "Down with Tyrants!" The simple fact that cats were worshipped in ancient, is the best possible reason for scorning and scouting them in modern, days; and what we have recorded of the Cat in Egypt, is not to be placed to his credit, being simply intended to demonstrate the astounding stupidity of the "Mother of the Arts."

Those *inside* barbarians, the Japanese, make a more sensible use

of TABBY. When curious to know "What's o'clock?" they consult the pupils of her eyes, and feel her nose, (cold on all other days,) to ascertain the day of the summer solstice. This may answer for the Japanese; but let no reader infer therefrom, that *we* are to mount PUSS on the mantel, rather than the eight-day contrivances of Mr. Samuel Slick; or to suspend her, tail-wise, on the nail now sacred to the Almanac.

"But surely," says some innocent reader, whom the cats have beguiled, "surely there are exceptions to your rule? What do you with the cat of Lord Mayor Whittington?—the "Auld Grey" of the Ettrick Shepherd?—and the poet GRAY's Favorite, "Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes?"

The Whittington Cat we put in the same category with "Puss in Boots," and the "Kilkenny Annihilators;" let those who will, believe in him. As for the cats, "married to immortal verse," had the poets sung the hyena, and so chosen, they could have discoursed as sweetly of him, as of his cousin. Poetic license may sanction a plea, even for cats; but that GRAY drew more upon fancy than fact, in his lines on the death of his favorite, let the following extract attest. The "favorite," spying the Gold Fish, true to her nature, plunged into the glassy lake where they sported; and then—so GRAY tells us—

"Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mewed to every watery God,

Some speedy aid to send;
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred;
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard;
A favorite has no friend."

Thus it appears, this wonderful cat, in defiance of the promptings of nature, and contrary to the infallible laws governing drowning bodies, stupidly sank to the bottom,

eight several times; instead of swimming, or clambering out, (as she might easily have done,) she simply addresses herself, in an octave of squalls, to the gods! The cat which thus behaved was surely bewitched—"whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad"—and drowning was too good for her. Had she resided in Salem, (Massachusetts,) she would most probably have been *burned*.

If the reader has set us down, ere this, an inveterate enemy to cats, we complain of no injustice.—We have never liked them. No thrift follows their fawning upon us; while of deliberately petting them, we have ever been guiltless. They are the *OILY GAMMONS* of the quadruped world; outwardly, smooth, plausible, sleek, meek and mild of mien—base villains at heart. An old Dominie used to tell us, in our satchelled days, that the tossing of a pebble changed the centre of the world's gravity; and a blow on the breast of mother earth, from the puny fist of little JEM, the smallest boy in school, was felt by her to her remotest extremity. Upon some such infinitesimal principle as this, we believe this globe the better for every *ninth* attempt upon a cat's life. It *must* be something purer, after every such riddance of concentrated meanness, however small in bulk.

It is much to the prejudice of the feline character, that cats and dogs will never dwell together in peace. The feud between TOWSER and TABBY is older than any War of Roses, or mutual hatred of Guelph and Ghibelline; so bitter, TOWSER raises his progeny to keep up the quarrel, and infuses into them, like Hamilear, of old, the concentrated hate of past generations; so notorious, too, a certain species of conubial bliss finds its happiest descrip-

tion in the epithet, "*a-cat-and-dog life*." Who's to blame? Assuredly not TOWSER, to whose general good character, all candid men subscribe. His noble and generous traits are beyond cavil, or dispute; and thousands of pages, in books and in human hearts, bear the records of his prowess, his gallant bravery, his unwavering affection, his self-sacrificing devotion, his boundless gratitude.

But good and evil will not dwell together in harmony. The native good in TOWSER asserting itself, wages unceasing war upon TABBY, causing her to quail and flee before him. Thus good pursuing evil, chases it into nooks and crannies, and into the branches of trees, that it may escape annihilation. The old Satan in cats, like the old Adam in man, *will* manifest itself, and TOWSER cannot abide the exhibition. Though in general the friend of peace, we can only say of this discord, "let it reign forever."

It would be highly interesting to hear what the rats and mice would say of cats, were they as highly gifted with tongue as with tail.—What a huge bristling horror must a well-grown cat appear to an unsophisticated mouse! Doubtless as grim a monster as are legendary giants to children; but with this woful difference:—that while the cat giant is a bloody, daily reality, the child's giant is a myth, disappearing with tops and marbles, and laughed at heartily, after the advent of boots and a long tailed coat.—What dark legends must the mice have of kindred and friends snatched away untimely; going out at early nightfall, on excursions of pleasure, to be waylaid and—deglutinized!—and of long watches kept, watches vain and mournful, for the never more returning.—What long chapters of advice must the old mice read the young ones—

if, indeed, a mouse has ever a chance to become venerable and respected—warning them, as they value life itself, to beware of the saintly, amiable-looking puss, waiting for them outside their snuggerly; waiting and watching, watching and waiting, like some hoary spider poised in the centre of delusive web, and awaiting the delirious raving of some pleasure-seeking fly, dressed in his best of blue and green, and bound upon “sparkling;” or more nearly still, like some respectable SHYLOCK perched upon his tri-legged stool, and listening with keen, exultant ear, for the wild shout and eager step of some wayward youth in search of “monish;” it may be, for the footfall of some houseless, wandering woman, come to his den to pawn her bridal ring for a loaf—the last barrier left between her and starvation.

To sum up: Shy scamps are cats; Vicars of Bray, falling right side up, however fierce or wide the commotion around them; eaves-droppers and prowlers; robbers of birds’ nests; catchers of canaries; sworn enemies to Shanghais, and young goslings; midnight assassins; Pharisees, of great outward humility, but proud as Lucifer; traitors to every trust, ingrates—repaying kindness with black ingratitude; crafty and cunning as a politician or a fox, they cannot be trusted, they cannot be loved. Prized only for their cruelty, the day will yet come, when banished forever from fireside and home circle—driven

beyond the pale of civilization and refinement, they will be left to pick up a precarious subsistence among those wilds and deserts from which they should never have been taken.

And now, gentle reader, that our chapter nears its close, shall we tell you why it was begun? We have long had it in mind to set this matter right before the world, but the more immediate incentive was the recent conduct of a highly respectable puss, who, though well fed, petted and caressed, a night or two ago did basely, maliciously, and ferociously attack the stronghold of a mocking bird, one ZULEIKA, by name, and the favorite songstress of TABBY’S mistress. The vocalist was timely rescued; but the cat is at the service of the Spiritual Rappers, who, as soon as they like, may take her interrogatories.

REQUIE—SCAT! IN TARTARUM!

Stay—we are getting warm, and will recall that. Let us be content with a vigorous AVAUNT!—which is hereby addressed with fervor and feeling, to the whole cat tribe in general; *leopardus*, *leoninus*, *tigerinus*, *catamontus*, *hyenarinus*; and very especially every member of the tribe *Felis domesticus*, wherever abiding, however patronized, and of whatever hue—whether spotted, mottled, speckled, striped, black, grey, red, yellow, fawn, dun-colored, or—WHITE!

A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER'S VIEW OF THE CONSTITUTION.

"CECIL" ON THE CONSTITUTION.

The pamphlet by "Cecil" was originally published in a Philadelphia paper, and has been re-published, in its present form, in Boston, for wider circulation. The writer deals with the vexed question of the nation in a summary fashion. He is as "thorough" in his method as the Earl of Strafford, when ruling Ireland, or proposing to tame the rebellious commons of England. He is magisterial, grandiloquent, and oracular. The request of the South for more territory is dismissed, with the indignant astonishment which Oliver Twist's petition for more gruel elicited from Mr. Bumble, and the Southern States are ordered by Cecil to bow to the great Northern majority very much, as Oliver, in the poor-house parlor, is commanded by Mr. Bumble to bow to the Board.

The Government, we are told, is a Union, not of States, but of the people. The majority must govern. The North is the majority. The "feeble and foolish South" must submit. Slavery is behind the age. It is disagreeable to the North, and Europe is not pleased with it. It must be modified or perish. It is protected in the States by the Constitution; but the Constitution, like everything else, will be controlled by the majority. The South have construed it heretofore to suit Southern purposes. The North will follow the example. The South must not resist. It must not "kick against the pricks"—"against the great Chimborazo mountain of Northern power, looming up from the horizon, steadfast, immovable, shattering all opposition into spray and

foam, remediless, irresistible, which it will be wiser to study and obey, than to deny and resist." The North has now, he tells us, a majority of six millions. A part of it has already assumed "a menacing attitude against slavery." "In all questions in which there is a difference between the North and the South, the North must govern." The South must yield. They must depend, for their security, on the integrity and magnanimity of the North. They must not attempt to protect themselves. It might prove rebellion. "Rebellion would be treason, and Northern strength can put down and punish treason." Can anything be more decisive and conclusive? It is Lord North, again in all the amplitude of menace and assumption—the feeble colonies, the might of Great Britain, the protecting care of the crown, the power to punish rebels—all the topics are repeated with the same condescending air of lofty patronage. Untaught by the past, the great North is evidently waxing fat, and threatens to perform all the antics to which a well fed denizen of the stable is so proverbially addicted.

Such is the summary and character of Cecil's argument and admonition to the South.

It is hardly necessary to reply to opinions like these; and yet they are published for circulation in the Northern States; they come from a respectable source; they are well expressed; and therefore they may be entitled to a notice which their unlimited extravagance and presumption would seem to forbid.

The writer begins with a parallel

between the North and South, as fanciful as such parallels usually are. "In the South," he says, "the laboring class form no portion of the people; in the North, it forms the great body of the people. In the South, the laborers are slaves; in the North, they govern. In the South, labor is degraded and despised; in the North, it is respectable and respected." Let us examine and see what truth there is in all these common-places.

If the author will insist that the slaveholder never labors, still the slaveholders are only 100,000, as the *Edinburgh Reviewer* undertakes to prove. The whites in the Southern States are six millions. How do the 5,900,000 subsist? If they live without labor, it is another miracle of the South. If they live by labor, how is it that "in the South the laboring class form no portion of the people?"

Again, "in the South, the laborers are slaves." But how can this be true, when all the whites in the South, except 100,000, are laborers? Does he mean to say that the whites are slaves—or because, in the South, all slaves are laborers, has he therefore come to the conclusion that, in the South, all laborers are slaves. One might suppose that a Philadelphia lawyer should be able to discriminate between two propositions so widely different.

"In the North they govern." The laborers govern in the North. But in what way? They vote at elections. They do the same at the South. Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, and Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, are equally sent to Congress by men who follow the plough. How is it that they govern at the North and not at the South?

"In the South, labor is degraded and despised." Can this be true if six millions of whites, less

one hundred thousand slaveholders, live by labor? Is labor despised in the South, because a few persons do no work? Are the millionaires and their sons and their daughters, in the North, addicted to labor in any greater degree than the cotton or rice planters? But let us ask what labor is meant, when we are told that, in the South, labor is despised, and, in the North, it is respected and respectable? Labor is of various kinds. Which of these is meant by "Cecil," under the vague term that he employs? Is it the labor of the professions—of the lawyer, the physician, the clergyman?—This is respected nowhere more than in the South. Is it the labor of the mechanic? There are as many mechanics in places of honor in the Southern States, as in the North. Is it the labor of the man hired by the day? Where is the evidence that this kind of labor is any more respected or respectable in the North than in the South? It is a common remark, that the native Americans in the North shun this labor. Few natives are found before the mast; very few or none carry hods or grade roads, or dig canals, or toil in docks, mines, or quarries. It is difficult to engage a native American, man or woman, in the drudgery even of domestic service. Our native American brethren at the North show their profound respect for labor by running away from it. To prove that they think it respectable, they carefully avoid it.—They turn over all their hard work to the emigrants. The laboring emigrants man their ships, construct their railroads, dig their canals, and carry on their shoulders all the great cities of the Northern States.

There is but one species of labor that seems to be in general and

high honor with our neighbors in the North—the labor of living by one's wits—the labor of speculation, speculation in city lots and sites of cities, in fancy stocks and other stocks, in merchandize, in real estate, in railroads, in steamboats and ships, in a thousand schemes for obtaining money from the public treasury—this labor appears to be universally respected and respectable there. It is not so highly esteemed, perhaps, in the South. But professional labor, intellectual labor, mechanical labor, the labor of the fields—these are as much honored in the South as anywhere.

There is yet another kind of labor, which has not been mentioned before, but which has produced all the mystification of Cecil's speculations. It is slave labor. All other labor is, perhaps, equally respected in the North and in the South. This only makes an exception. It is the labor of the slave alone that is degraded and despised in any part of the country. But it is not in the South that it is despised and degraded. It is the North that regards it with scorn and contumely. It is there only that they villify the slave. They despise and spit upon him, while they profess to be his friends. In their eyes, he is a mere chattel, a beast of burthen, a brute on the level of an ox or an ass. In the opinion of the Southern people only, is the labor of the slave held to be worthy of respect. They alone are able to respect the man held to labor for life. It is the condition, as they think, assigned to him by Providence. If he discharges the duties of his station faithfully, he is worthy of respect. In the South he receives it. The diligent and honest slave is honored there; he is treated with marked kindness; he is addressed

with civility; never with rudeness; never with disdain or contempt. Few poor in the world are less subjected to the proud man's contumely. His master's hand is offered to him freely; it is taken cordially. As much as the *day* laborer is respected anywhere, the *life* laborer is respected in the Southern States. "Cecil" respects the hireling's labor, and thinks it respectable, and we agree with him entirely. He scorns the slave's labor and the slave, and we differ from him. He imputes his contemptuous feelings and opinion to the South, persuades himself that, in the South, there is no labor but slave labor, and is thus enabled, by an easy process, to convince himself, and tries to convince others, that in the South labor is degraded and despised because he himself degrades and despises it.

We repudiate his sentiments. We regard the slave as God's creature, brought here by God's providence, and holding, in the eyes of him who is no respecter of persons, the same position precisely that every other human being holds—approved if he performs his duties faithfully, condemned if he disregards or neglects them. The master and the slave will be judged by the same rule, and the decision will in no wise depend on the condition of the one or the other; so thinking, we can regard him as a *Christian* and a brother. With regard to the only kind of labor about which there is really any difference of opinion—the labor of the slave—it may then be said with justice, that it is respectable and respected in the South, and degraded and despised in the North, and not the reverse, as "Cecil" has stated.

Notwithstanding the supposed differences, however, with which the writer balances his trim antithe-

sis, he concludes that all would be well, but for one thing in the South, "which satisfies no want and excites no sympathy in the North;" the thing in the South to which, "in the North, opposition has grown into positive hostility," and thus he concludes, "from the South comes the danger that menaces both." This is very much the sort of logic that a burglar might employ when breaking into a Bank. There is one thing in the Bank, he may say, that, while there, satisfies no want and excites no sympathy of his. He opposes the hoarding system, and his opposition has grown into positive hostility.— From the institution, therefore, comes the danger that menaces its vaults and perhaps himself, and not from any unprincipled violence, seeking to intermeddle with another's property. His reasoning, however satisfactory to himself, would not be sufficiently cogent with judge or jury to keep him from the gallows or penitentiary, if he should happen to be caught in the attempt; but it is very much like that of "Cecil."

"Cecil" flatters himself, however, with the belief that there will be no danger of any such catastrophe. The great mountain of Northern strength will "shatter all opposition into spray and foam." The South will consult the interest of the country at large, and its own safety and peace especially, by submitting to the robbery, and leaving the protection of the plundered property to the generosity and honor of the assailant. The North loves the South, and "there is security for the South by the side of Northern strength, and and in the friendship of the North." While he informs us that opposition there has grown into positive hostility to slavery;

that slavery is behind the age; that it must recede, and finally perish, he counsels us to entrust our fortunes to the guardianship of Northern power and friendship. They would be as safe, without doubt, as the Bank treasure in the robber's keeping. But at no time has it been the custom of free States to have guardians for their liberties. "Quis custodiet, ipsos custodes?" who shall watch the watchman? It is not probable that the South will deviate, in this matter, from former usage, and accept the advice which a blind presumption or the extreme of simplicity has volunteered to offer it.

What would be the certain consequence of the policy recommended by "Cecil" to the South, is sufficiently evident from the opinions which he advocates in reference to the Territories. They are the common property of the States, but the Southern people are to be excluded from them. We mean, by people or population, what Mr. Adams and the North understood the words to mean in 1774. The South has the right to extend its mixed population of whites and blacks into the new Territory of the Union. They have always exercised the right, during the revolutionary government, and under the present Constitution, they have demanded and received their equal share of the common Territory. They have grown thus from six States to fifteen in number. If there is a policy of the Union clearly established by early and continued assent, it is that of a fair division of its Territory between two great sections of the Republic. This policy is as just and necessary, now, as it has been heretofore. The rights of the South are the same; and the mixed free and

slave population of the Southern States still requires extension as much as the free population of the North. Whether this division of Territory be made by a river, like the Ohio, in 1787; or by an imaginary line, as in 1820; or by the free choice of each new State, as by the Kansas and Nebraska act, is of very little consequence. But some division is indispensable. Our great North must not expect to monopolize all the Territorial property of the Union, under the fraudulent pretences of charity and philanthropy. It was tried formerly, under the disguise of chartered rights. It failed then, and will fail again. It lacks the cardinal virtue of justice. Whatever our strong and prosperous Northern friends may think, in the over-weening abundance of a self-complacent humor, their demand is at variance with the essential nature, spirit, and life of our Republican Union, and ought not to be successful.

That Union is a widely different thing to what "Cecil" is disposed to make it. No mistake more fatal could be made by any party in the country, than to act upon the principle which forms the key of this writer's position. "The Union," he says, "is a Union, not of States, but of the people; and the majority must govern." This is dealing with the great Constitutional question which has engaged the chief men of the Nation since the formation of the Government, with his usual short-hand decision. He goes beyond the Federalist itself, in his doctrine of centralization. The authors of the Federalist describe the Government as partly National and partly Federal; "Cecil" asserts it to be National only. He sets aside every leading fact of its history, the best commentary on its character and

purposes. He forgets that it was formed by States; was accepted and ratified by States; was amended by States; and has a perpetual reference to States in every step of its progress. The Senate is the representative of States; the President is elected by electors chosen by States; when an election fails before the people, he is elected by States; direct taxes, when imposed, are apportioned among States, and are paid by States.

But leaving these considerations, and others of a similar kind, to the learned members of Congress, to be twisted into all sorts of constitutional arguments, declamatory or logical, we would suggest to our author one view of the subject which seems to us more conclusive than them all. It is derived from the simple fact that the States have separate and independent Governments.

The States are organized bodies, with every form of government in full exercise. They have Legislatures, Executives, and Judiciaries. Their powers, within their limits, are exclusive, each of the other. They impose taxes; they raise armies of militia, officered, armed, and drilled as they please; they establish great monied institutions, and issue money without limit. Here, then, is a solution of the whole question. Nothing can divest the States of their State Governments. An invasion of the rights of one part of the Union by another, under the forms of the Constitution, would be met by established Republics, and not as opposition to the Parliament in Great Britain would be, by men without law, order, organization, or arms. The Governor is as legitimate as the President; the Legislature at Richmond, as the Congress at Washington. The contest would be, not of Governments with

rebels, but of one Government with another. So long as this is true, the Union must be a Union of States, the most specious reasoning to the contrary notwithstanding. Divest the States of their State Government, as Hamilton proposed to do, and the General Government becomes a government of the people. Restore the State Governments, and you restore a Federal Government of States. These are things, not words, like a constitutional argument or a party pamphlet. The Government of England would be changed in a day if separate Governments were established in Scotland and Ireland, elected by their people, without influence or control from the Government in London. The imperial Government of Great Britain might be called still by the same name, but it would no longer be the same thing. The illustration may be multiplied without end.

Such being essentially and of necessity the federal nature of the General Government, from the immoveable fact which looms up, to use the magnificent language of "Cecil," like a Chimborazo mountain, from the horizon of the State Governments, it follows that the temper with which the Government is conducted must be one of conciliation and mutual forbearance. To disregard, in such a Government, the feelings or interests of any one State, would be unwise; to violate those of half the States in the Union, would be folly and madness. A similar policy could not be attempted, without danger, in a despotism, unless the rule be in vigorous hands; nor could it prevail there without the ruin of the country that is compelled to submit to it. The result, with such a country, would be gradual decay, like that of Spain; with us, it would be endless civil war.

The rule of policy suggested as indispensable in a Federal Government like ours, is the true one, even in the exercise of those powers which are clearly delegated and universally admitted; far more cautious will be the action of the genuine statesman in reference to those which are denied or disputed; and which, above all, have become subjects of debate and irritation between the different sections of the Union. One of these is the right of the Federal Government over the legislation of the National Territory. To talk of settling this, or any great question, and of ruling the whole country, among a people like that of the United States, by a mere numerical majority of one section over another, indicates a degree of self-complacent simplicity, the very reverse of the acuteness usually ascribed to the writer's city and profession. And yet this is Cecil's sole secret of government.

It is unnecessary to follow him into the Kansas dispute, and the merits and demerits of the measures proposed to settle it. The interest of these frontier broils has ceased everywhere; the quack medicine has lost its efficacy, and its virtues are no longer proclaimed and preached from pulpit, stump, or tribune.

The most imposing portion of the pamphlet under review is its conclusion. If this fails to impress the people of the South with a deep sense of the condescension of the Northern people, their benevolent regard for their Southern brethren, their readiness to take care of Southern interests, and to bear with Southern haughtiness, it will serve to prove that all sense of gratitude and propriety is extinct among the people of the South.

"The Northern people," he tells us, "love the South as part of their

country. They are slow to wrath and easy to be entreated; they will endure many things, but not all things. Kansas massacres, General Pierce, and Mr. Brooks are among the things they will not endure." This proclamation was issued in Philadelphia in July last, and, accordingly, the Kansas massacres have ceased; the President, Gen. Pierce, retires from the White House; and Mr. Brooks, if Providence in His wisdom had not otherwise ordered events, would have submitted, without doubt, to the proscriptive decree. It only remains to be seen whether the great man-mountain of the North will

allow the constituents of the deceased member to elect another. The Northern prodigy, like him of Lilliput, is good natured and easy to be entreated. "Cecil," in his next pamphlet, will perhaps inform our anxious neighbors of Edgefield, the home of Mr. Brooks, whether they will be permitted to choose a successor to their deceased Representative,—notwithstanding their past indiscretion in returning one so obnoxious to Northern censure. We will hope for the best. The ready submission to the decree, in Kansas and in Washington, will perhaps ensure its suspension so far as South Carolina is concerned.

A WINE SONG.

[From the Persian of Hafiz.]

There's nothing in the world, boys,
Worth an hour of sorrow:
Let us sell our clothes for wine,
And never mind to-morrow!

Crowns are pretty caps, boys,
Toys, the wide world over;
But they're never worth the loss
Of the heads they cover!

Thinking of the pearls, boys,
Makes my spirit bold;
But I would'nt go to sea,
For a ton of gold!

Nothing in the world, boys,
Is worth a minute's sorrow:
This is life—to drink to-day,
And pray for drink to-morrow!

ORIENTAL LYRICS.

—
LOVE AND PATIENCE.

[Persian.]

The heart where love and patience dwell—

But such there cannot be—

I hold it not a heart, but stone,

It will not do for me.

Ah, no! a thousand pharsangs part

The loving and the patient heart.

What discipline shall I adopt

To ease this wo of mine?

I hearken to the harp, in vain,

And drain the cups of wine;

I love, but cannot patient be,

Nor can the patient love like me!

—
SULTAN OWEIS.

[Persian.]

I left the seat of empire of the soul

One day, to visit the abodes of men;

A little while I was a stranger here,

But now I seek the home from whence I came.

I was the servant of a mighty lord,

Whose court I left; I go to him again;

Bound down with shame and terror I return,

Bearing with me my sword and winding sheet!

A little while that holy bird, my soul,

Was prisoned in the cage of mortal life;

But now the cage is broken, I am gone,

The bird flies back to its beloved fields!

Farewell, my sweet companions, my dear friends,

No further stay is mine, I leave you now.

May you be happy in the world of men,

May I be happy in the world of souls!

—
A JAR OF WINE.

[Persian.]

Day and night my thoughts incline,

To the blandishments of wine:

Jars were made to drain, I think,

Lips, I know, were made to drink!

When I die (the day be far!)

Should the potters make a jar

Out of this poor clay of mine,

Let the jar be filled with wine!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

TO OUR READERS.

We offer to the Public, with this, our first Number, another depository for Southern genius, and a new incentive, as we hope, for its active exercise.

While engaged, as we are and shall be, in a generous competition with other States, in all industrial pursuits, agricultural and commercial, surely it is not for the South, with its lofty aspirations, fine taste, and subtle intellect, to neglect the noblest of all fields of enterprise—that of Letters and the Arts.

The time is auspicious. The enterprise is universally welcomed; and to seal its certain success by the happiest coincidence, the achievements of one man, collected and exhibited to our admiring gaze, give proof the most conclusive that no triumphs can be withheld from Southern genius and industry. We shall look back, hereafter, to the exhibition of the Fraser Gallery as the era from which we may date successful efforts in every department of intellectual power.

No pursuit is so noble. The eye, that glances back on the annals of past ages, reposes lovingly, not on accumulations of barbaric pearl and gold, the exploits of conquerors, or the extension of mighty empires, but on the periods and people that have adorned humanity with the trophies and charms of Science and the Arts; not on Persia and its luxurious Satrapies, but on the poetry and eloquence of Greece. Her great names live in the memories of men, and awaken the emulation of the purest hearts and most elevated intellects. We would not be deaf to the voice of the charmer.

In our great Country, although one, we are many. There will naturally arise, through its immense extent, shades and varieties of thought and sentiment honestly entertained, each requiring a special exponent. We ask your aid for the establishment and support of one more for Southern opinion and Southern feeling. They can find no expression abroad. They have few opportunities at home. Let us add another. We can not and

will not anticipate disappointment. We will not believe that we shall meet, in any quarter, with cold neglect or causeless refusal, or chilling auguries of certain or possible failure. We look forward, rather, with unfaltering confidence, to cordial, frank, and ready appreciation of our humble but resolute efforts—to a determination, on all sides, that whatever we lack to ensure a successful issue, shall be promptly supplied, and that the hearts, intellect, and purses of all Southern men and women will be open for the triumphant progress of RUSSELL'S MAGAZINE.

Putnam's Monthly is clever enough, in its way. It has a few small defects however. It is always mistaking pertness for ease, flippancy for wit, and inordinate conceit for conscious superiority. It is *parvenu* thoroughly, and characteristic of its birth-place. The city of the newly-made rich abounds in this phase of refinement. Its literature naturally assumes the local type, and the Monthly affords its most perfect exemplar. Mr. Putnam is only Mr. Potiphar in the new character of literary bear-leader, with no abatement of petty arrogance, affectation, and assumption, of vulgar swagger and pompous self-complacency, without a shade of gentlemanly tone or bearing.

If the Putnam wit is not the genuine ingredient, it is, nevertheless, a saleable New York commodity, and comes up, therefore, to his own standard of value. Although not the true Attic salt, it is a salt of some sort—of Salt River, perhaps. The menagerie of the Monthly are members of the Fremont regiment. They have lately returned from the famous expedition into the saline territory. One of them has been industrious enough to bring Putnam a pocketful of its curiosities. They are as novel and interesting as any thing gathered in the Nile region by the same traveller.

In the February number there is an elaborate attempt at fun. The subject is the Commercial Convention lately assembled in Savannah, together with Southern men and matters generally.

The voyageur disports himself in the swamps of the South with the alacrity of a hippopotamus, as described by Cumming, in an African cane-brake. He serves up the Pickwick papers once more to the public, not in a mere niggardly allusion, but at full length, and introduces us, with a charming felicity of invention, to Snodgrass, Tupman, and Winkle, who perform a large part of the "deverisement," as he calls it. But it will never do. Mr. Dickens is one thing, but Mr. Putnam, playing Dickens, is another affair, and not tolerable to Gods or Men.

The imitation is very like that exhibited, many years ago, by a similar actor, whom Esop has immortalized in one of his fables. A favorite dog, as Esop tells the story, like Dickens, for example, was accustomed to frisk about his master, and even to leap into his lap. An ass, like Putnam's aspirant after Dickens' honors, seeing this, and wishing to make himself agreeable in the same quarter, followed the dog's example, with a clumsy effort to be playful. But the parallel ceases here. The type and the anti-type have not been equally fortunate, if equally meritorious; the one was cudgeled, the other is rewarded for his gambols. The New York public is a good-natured master, and has so pleasing a remembrance of his grand reception of Dickens and of the grateful return, that he is delighted to see any one assuming his guest's air and garb, however rude the imitation. A bear, in the Dickens' coat, would be welcome, to say nothing of an animal so harmless as our traveller.

A few years ago, Sydney Smith sneered at American Literature. The North was indignant. They have never ceased to allude to it. Where, they asked, with unaffected astonishment, is Barlow's Vision, and Dwight's Canaan, and Cotton Mather, and Morse's Geography? But now, the North has turned sneerer, and sneers at Southern literature. Our turn may come next, who knows? Every dog has his day. If the currish fortunes of the North flourish now, the canine luck of the South may prosper at some future period. *Quien sabe?* There is no serious difficulty in the way. It requires only a new commercial arrangement, as Putnam assures us. It is encouraging to trace the progress of letters at the North. The duty on books, so honorable to the country, created large publishing houses. A large publishing house can pay for a magazine. A magazine produces the Potiphar papers, Prue and I, and the work is done. Shall we not have a literature, in time, by the same contrivance, and repeat the sneer, in turn, against our

next neighbor? Literature, according to Putnam, may be defined to be a large publishing house, with capital to pay for periodicals. Transfer the house to Richmond, and you transfer the literature. It is a question, not of wits, but of dollars. It is a branch of trade only, and will reach us in time. We shall have the house in due season, and then, *fortunatim*, we shall have Howdjis, and Memoirs of Barnum and Greely, and Hot Corn, and other masterpieces like those of New York. We have the writers already. Our Salt River friend says so, and says, moreover, that Maga—his nickname for Putnam—is willing to employ them. We want nothing but a Putnam or Harper, steam presses, and abundance of paper.

Our traveller frankly declares, that he will take occasion frequently to speak ill of slavery. He does so in his February number, and falls into a sort of something, here and there, which he intends for reasoning. It is more comical than his fun. But we have no space for it at present. It will keep cool, as Swift said of lord Orrery's unopened letters.

Our enterprising traveller winds up his article on Southern affairs with this emphatic declaration: "We shoot folly as it flies, and wherever it flies, and wherever it perches. And if folly bloats into crime, or fuddles into fury, we shall still shoot away." Very finely said, and a most formidable customer. If the gentlemen were in the possession of the divine arms of Pope, or of a six-shooter of mortal manufacture, or of any thing as formidable even as an old Continental musket, with a flint lock, and a stock as straight as a shingle, we might feel constrained, in Christian charity, to warn him of the danger he would be running of firing into his own fowl-roost and committing suicide. But, as it is, there is no harm in his weapon, to be apprehended, either for himself or any body else, and therefore let him "shoot away." Putnam pays, and the world will be delighted with a continuation of sentences like his last happy flourish in style—"if folly bloats into crime, or fuddles into fury." What a specimen of the *curiosa felicitas*! Horace has nothing like it.

But it must be confessed there is one drawback to the enjoyment of these choice phrases. What do they mean? Is it comedy or tragedy? So far as folly is concerned, it is comedy; when it comes to crime, it is tragedy. At what stage of the dropsical process by which folly bloats into crime, does the comedy become tragedy? Is it a hit against Wall Street, and does our Salt River

friend prepare war on the bulls and bears? Both of these parties bloat into millionaires by means not always legitimate. But in their case, it is knavery that bloats into crime, and not folly. So that guess will not do.

And then, again, that other felicitous exploit in style—"fuddles into fury." What can be finer? But, *queré*, is not this a mistake of the press, for *fiddles* into fury, in allusion, perhaps, to Hogarth's enraged musician? Fiddling is more natural to folly than fuddling. Every body fuddles. Even Maga, alias Putnam, may fuddle into fury, or into fun, even, when champaign or punch are in season. But for folly not only to fuddle, but to fuddle into fury, is full of forcible feebleness and funny incongruity. Or, is our determined sportsman resolved to take the field against all toppers who fuddle into fury and delirium tremens? Will he make all the foes of the Maine liquor-law cases for the Bond Street corner? In a word, what game does our insatiate archer mean to bag, when he leads the pursuit after folly, with bended bow and quiver full of arrows?

Such are the Critic's beauties of style; let us look for a moment on those which he quotes and praises, in the February number, from his favorite author. They are from Mrs. Howe, whom Putnam delights to honor as a miracle of genius above her sex. We know little of the lady, or her poems, beyond the extracts, and of these, in mercy to our readers, we shall notice only one or two. Here is a stanza from an address of women to the less worthy sex:

"We that are held of you in narrow chains,
Sought for our beauty, through our folly raised,
One moment, to a barren eminence,
To drop in dreary nothingness, amazed."

In the last line, the fair poetess has the honor to resemble, and even to equal Pope—"no craving void left aching in the breast." This "aching void," and "dreary nothing" are equally fine, and equally intelligible. The whole passage is evidently intended to be descriptive of matrimony—the narrow chains, the barren eminence, the drop into dreary nothingness, *AMAZED*, are picturesque and expressive. She had in her mind, without doubt, a passage in the letters imputed to the younger Lyttleton, in which that friend to wedlock describes the English-marriage service as the charming ceremony that begins with "dearly beloved," and ends with "amazement!"

In a subsequent stanza, she complainingly adds,

"We touch the brim, while ye exhaust the bowl."

The two passages together, we are afraid, indicate a squinting towards free love and deep drinking. Again she says,

"We, dwarfed to suit the measure of your pride,
Thwarted in all our measures and our powers,
Have yet a sad, majestic recompense,
The dignity of suffering—that is ours."

Our fair friend and her countrywomen, it would seem, although thwarted in every thing, retain one thing; they have a majestic recompense in the dignity of suffering. They visit no theatres, attend no operas, frequent no balls, display no silks, satins, hoops, or laces; they never shine in pearls, nor sparkle in diamonds, nor glorify Broadway, nor flutter, like brilliant butterflies, from watering-place to watering-place, nor, in an easier and more efficient way, wear the breeches at home, quietly regulating the good-man's enjoyments, with a firm and judicious hand;—not a bit of it; they are wrapped up forever in the dignity of suffering; and the poor husband or papa, who is toiling and sweating to raise the wind for the sufferers, is the tyrant of the household, if he does not succeed, and thwarts all its pleasures and powers, leaving it but one majestic recompense, which may easily be imagined.

The fair writer informs the male sex that they have all been born, every mother's son of them, without a single exception.

"The proudest of you lives not, but he wrong
A woman's unresisting form with pain."

We suppose the most obtuse of the bearded sex will not dispute the fact. But when she adds that their nurture, for years, has

"Brought back the bitter child-birth throes again,"

she propounds a riddle in physiology which is, by no means, so easy of explanation, and which some may be disposed to question.

But we refrain from inflicting on our readers any more of this morbid and mewling nonsense. If these ravings have any real existence in the author's

mind, they are the offspring of distempered nerves or a diseased stomach. They belong to the effusions of the hysterical or dyspeptic school of poetry. Their inspiration comes from no higher source than a surfeit, or something worse.

If, on the other hand,—and the theory is one which we much more readily adopt—if all this “dignity of suffering,” the chronic child-birth throes lasting for years, and the falling into nothingness, amazed, are all poetical cant, sham, or make believe; all false and factitious; silly, but nothing worse; if Mrs. Howe, after the most terrible paroxysm of dignified endurance, takes her coffee and toast, whips her children, and scolds her cook, in the most approved fashion of orderly house-keepers; if she puts on her lacrymose distresses and complaints for a flight to Parnassus, in the same manner that she assumes her bonnet and cloak, furs and gloves, for a walk or a visit, why, so much the better for her, and for all about her; but, so far as the reader of her grievous lucubrations is concerned, there is no difference, of importance, between the real and the pretended troubles—they are equally wearisome and disgusting.

Putnam remarks of the verses, that they are not “woman’s poetry.” Nothing more true, if he means that they are not womanly. No woman, of sound heart and head, would write them. There is no single pulse in them of nature or truth.

It is Coleridge, we believe, who says, that poetry should be sense, if nothing more, or whatever more it may be. It is a maxim which he did not always observe himself, but its truth has been illustrated only by his own departures from the rule. Still worse is the case when, instead of sense, we have substituted, not nonsense merely, but false, morbid, and mischievous sentiment like the hallucinations of Mrs. Howe.

Such is the choice Northern literature that Putnam selects for parade. The critic and the poet are worthy of each other:

— arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares et respondero parati.

Alike, in dreary nothingness amazed,
Critic and bard—the praiser and the praised.

A witty correspondent sends us the following comic version of one of Juvenal’s more quiet satires:

Lectus erat Cedro Procula minor, &c.
JUV. SAT., III.

I.

Jones had once a single bed,
Shorter than his four foot wife;
On a shelf, a loaf of bread,
Half a fork and broken knife,
Lenesome, empty whiskey jug—
Iron spoon and fractured mug—
Pipe of clay, with horrid crack,
Last year’s Miller’s Almanac;—
These were all his goods: you add,
Jones the next to nothing had.
True; but though a wretched boast,
Jones his next to nothing lost;
And the whole calamity
Of the fire must be endured;
Jones was quite too poor to be
Even “partially insured.”

II.

Brown, the bachelor, next door,
Had a house of marble fine—
Rice, and grist, and meats in store—
Casks of brandy and of wine—
Snow-white sugar, silver spoons—
Extra boots and pantaloons—
Old cigars and cards in packs—
Books in red morocco backs—
All that “many men desire;”—
But a devastating fire
Burned the marble mansion down,
And its fixings up. Did Brown
Weep the conflagration o’er?
No! the loss can be endured;
Brown is richer than before—
Brown was “heavily insured.”

The same correspondent perpetrates this slanderous epigram upon the large, learned and luminous profession of the Law. As we have no intention of standing a suit for libel, on account of his indiscretion, we emphatically declare, that neither the Publisher, nor the Editors of this Magazine, neither the Printers, nor their Devil, hold themselves responsible for the scandal.

“The saying that lives on the popular jaw,
That Smith is a strong, sturdy ‘limb of the law.’”

Sufficiently proper and staunch is—
If the LAW is according to Nature’s whim,
And its strongest limb is the lowest limb,
Found ne’er ‘in the higher branches!’”

Conspicuous among the records of moral and physical endurance, redounding to the honor of humanity, is the simple, unostentatious, but masterly relation of the details of his Arctic Explorations, by Dr. Kane. One rises from the perusal of this work, with his whole moral and spiritual nature invigorated.

It is not in its sublime descriptions of scenery—of tremendous glaciers; of illimitable ice fields, heaving above the action of latent tides—of novel combinations of form and color, marvellous as the fantastic creations of Arabian tales; of a remote inland ocean, beyond what was formerly regarded as the *Ultima Thule* of man's possible progress—rolling, with majestic sweep, towards the mystery of the *Pole itself*, and dashing, with the warmth almost of Southern waters, upon the great, girding rocks, which stretch into the depths of the unfathomable distance. Grand and striking—a very apocalypse of wonders these things may seem; but, we turn from them, to the lonely bivouac in desolate places; to diseased and half-starved detachments from the ship's company, be-nighted miles away among the hummocks, with no shelter, but some dismantled hut of the Esquimaux—strength and hope failing together—but finally relieved by the ingenuity, or supported through terrific hardships by the energy and faith of one indomitable spirit; or we regard with shuddering admiration (the cabin of the "Enterprise" having been converted into an hospital) this same Christian gentleman—constitutionally the feeblest member of his devoted company—ministering to the meanest wants of his most menial attendants; considering no office as too vile for his hands to do, in the midst of darkness, and privation, and scurvy, and general discontent, rising into mutiny, going through with his meteorological and scientific observations with the closest exactitude and the most rigid punctuality!

And now the intelligence, in no doubtful shape, comes to us, that the reaction from *such* endurance and enthusiasm, has brought its inevitable result. Dr. Kane after some months of lingering illness, died at the Havana, upon the 16th day of February last. The thrilling drama he acted, and wrote for us, has closed in tragedy. But, profoundly as we regret the death of this great man, we cannot desire that the course, resulting in his dissolution, should have been un-run; the career, so sadly terminating, should have been un-fulfilled. The *moral* of his heroic life is vital, and cannot be destroyed. Not in vain has he lived and labored. A wise example, a lofty lesson to mankind, is cheaply purchased, even by the death of so illustrious, sincere, and devoted a hero as ELISHA KENT KANE.

There can be no doubt that one of the most remarkable works published in

this country during the last year, is the "Literary Criticisms and other Papers," by the late Horace Binney Wallace, of Philadelphia. Mr. Wallace died at the early age of thirty-five, leaving behind him the reputation of a man of genius, which, however, was chiefly confined to a circle of intimate friends, whose approval—so far at least as his *literary* efforts were concerned—seemed to have been the only aim of his ambition. But in 1855 a posthumous publication, entitled "Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe," called the general attention of the country to his varied, brilliant, and original powers, whose singular geniality and comprehensiveness are most fully exemplified in his Criticisms. We make a few extracts.

In allusion to the literary prospects of America he says:

"A thousand tokens, in everything from which we may prognosticate, make it manifest that a spirit, indigenous and self-vital, inhabits our country; a spirit of power, *ipsa suis polleus opibus*. If all this be so, there is an end of the question about a national literature; for this creative vigor, breathing and burning in the bosom of the nation, *must find an issue in art as well as action*. The flower of literature will blow, and the fruit of science bloom upon the tree of national life, as surely as the branches and leaves of business, politics or war expand and strengthen.

"Eloquence" he defines to be, "*the enthusiasm of reason, the passion of the mind*; it is judgment raised into transport, and breathing the irresistible ardors of sympathy."

In an article on the prose writers of America, the oratory of Patrick Henry is thus described:

"There is *Henry*, not fulminating from the clouds, like Demosthenes, to terrify men into sense and virtue: not sending up a flash, like Cicero to be a signal to distant ages, rather than a fire of present energy; but first drawing his hearer's sympathies to him by a delightful conciliation, and then charging them with the fervors of his own bosom, familiar, simple and near, yet intense, vehement, and thrilling; converting his hearers first into friends, and then animating them into partisans, and finally hurrying all along with him in one united fellowship of feeling; not surpassing in intellect, rarely analytical, *never* ascending to the illuminated heights of abstract wisdom, but setting before his mind usually some one definite object, and piercing it through and through by the shaft of a sound under-

standing, pointed by an honest purpose, and driven by all the force of devoted passion."

The following, in relation to Webster, is very striking:

"Webster never surrenders, in advance, a position which he knows will be carried; he takes his place and delivers battle; he fights as one who is fighting the last battle of his country's hopes; he fires the last shot: when the smoke and tumult are cleared off, where is Webster?"

Look around for the nearest rallying point which the view presents; there he stands with his hand upon his heart in grim composure; calm, dignified, resolute, neither disheartened nor surprised by defeat."

Of Richard Henry Dana, it is stated, and with equal truth and acuteness:

"In regard to his mental characteristics, Mr. Dana may be called the American Coleridge. There is the same union of the keenest intellectual subtlety, the most piercing philosophical analysis, with the wealth and glory of practical imagination. Looking at life and nature with the same blending of the Moralists' with the Artist's view, both of these remarkable men habitually regarded truth as the beauty of reason and beauty as the truth of Taste."

Of Washington Irving, he declares that "no man ever succeeded so perfectly in making literature delicious, elevated, pure, of pervading refinement and chastity; his writings give us a pleasure which is almost *sensuous* in its fullness and directness. He is a Chaucer in prose."

The province, capabilities, and nature of the *Song* he defines with peculiar justness of insight, and beauty of language:

"The purpose of the *Song* is to exhibit an incident in the substance of an emotion; to communicate wisdom in the form of sentiment; it is the refracted gleam of some wandering ray from the fair orb of moral truth which, glancing against some occurrence in common life, is surprised into a smile of quick, darting, many colored beauty; it is the airy ripple that is thrown up when the current of feeling in human hearts accidentally encounters the current of thought, and bubbles forthwith into a gentle jet of sparkling foam."

On a subject, and in a vein very different from the foregoing, are these bold and striking speculations, which were evidently suggested by Wordsworth's grand Ode on "Intimations of Immortality, from the Recollections of early Childhood."

Apropos of this *Ode*, we observe that Coleridge, referring to the lines—

"Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting,

The soul that rises with us, our life's star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar,"

says that Wordsworth does not allude to a pre-existent state, and furnishes some incomprehensible metaphysical reasons for the opinion. There can at any rate be little doubt as to the meaning of what follows. We extract the passage from a species of prose-poem inspired by a visit of the author's to the sea-shore:

"Spiritual existence, in the great archipelago of worlds that fills the ocean of infinity, is not *independent*—but *successive*—death being but "a sleep, and a forgetting," birth an awaking with extended power. The great sacrifice which was exhibited on our own globe, two thousand years ago, was, believe me, not confined to it. [The same idea—or one very like it—forcibly expressed, occurs in "Festus," and also in a treatise of Origen's.—Ed.] It was a divine immolation for total sin, on the great altar of the Universe, and its manifestation was simultaneous throughout the whole array of planets; to each there was a darkening of the sun; in each a rending of the veil in an old temple of superstition. Those who have been cast on these shores prior to the revelation of atonement will learn the healing truth in some future abode of their souls. It would require a *mighty* argument to convince me that I have not lived before this; it would require an *almighty* one to persuade me that I shall not live hereafter."

* * * In a letter to Mrs. Poole, dated November 1st, 1796, Samuel Taylor Coleridge thus *naïvely* refers to his son Hartley, then but one month old.

"David Hartley Coleridge is stout, healthy, and handsome. He is the very miniature of me."

We are surprised that Hartley's writings have received so little attention in this country. He certainly inherited no small share of his father's genius. A scholar, (though rather *recherche* than profound) with exquisite sensibilities, a fine imagination, and the most truly Catholic taste, he has written nothing which is not in some way valuable, or instructive. The thirty-four *Sonnets* which we find in his poems issued by Moxon in 1851, we do not hesitate to say are among the most thoughtful, and really

artistic in the language. The best of these are equal to the noblest of Wordsworth's.

A lady who was intimate with Hartley thus describes his appearance when she first saw him :

"A numerous party had one evening assembled at Brathay Hall. Late in the evening I saw such a figure as I had never seen before, glide noiselessly into the bright drawing-room : small, dressed in black, with thick, long raven hair, almost on his shoulders, in such a manner as to fill up the space between, and to give the upper part of his form a peculiar preponderance over the lower. In his manner of approaching the lady of the house, his stiff, slow, silent bow, a sort of distressed shyness in his countenance, and a deprecating politeness, like that of the olden times, and in his whole demeanor there was something strange and unusual. His humorous air of simplicity, his slow, measured words, and general eccentricity of manners and appearance, was at first a signal for merriment. But that evening, was the beginning of an affection between us of uninterrupted continuance like that of a brother for a young sister."

Unfortunately, Hartley inherited the same infirmity of purpose which was the curse of his Father's life. With faculties originally powerful, and stored with all the riches of learning, neither of the Coleridges has left any one really great work—*such* a work we mean as they were both beyond question, able to produce.

We have elsewhere alluded to the unusual success which has crowned the efforts of our fellow-citizens of Charleston, who united in the establishment of the "FRASER GALLERY."

The following correspondence, which was unaccountably omitted from the published record of the proceedings of the Committee, we cheerfully insert, as it possesses much more than an ephemeral interest.

Fraser Gallery, South Carolina Hall, }
Tuesday, 3d Feb., 1857. }

At a meeting of the Committee, this day, the following proceedings were adopted:

Resolved, That the success of the proposal lately made to the holders of Mr. Fraser's paintings, to send them to this hall for exhibition, has exceeded our highest expectation; that although the severity and inclemency of the season delayed their transmission a few days, the collection is now one of remarkable

interest, from the number, the variety, and the artistic value of the pieces.

Resolved, That the Committee would embrace the occasion. to offer to the venerable artist, the opportunity rarely afforded to any man, of being surrounded, in the evening of his days, by his own favorite works, the productions of a long life, "*studio fallente labore*;" and thus to present to him a recompense of skill not only just and rational in itself, but fruitful in reminiscences, which, although they will take their hues from the changeful condition of our being, must be rich to a mind like his, matured by various culture and habitual reflection.

Resolved, therefore, That in the desire of seeing our friend frequently in this hall, mingling with the visitors, without the constraint of form or ceremony, (which we feel assured will be as gratifying to the community as to the Committee) three gentlemen be appointed to wait upon Mr. Fraser, to inform him of the success of the exhibition, and to invite him to visit the hall whenever his health and convenience will permit.

To this invitation, the venerable Artist thus replied:

"GENTLEMEN—Your kind invitation to me to visit the Gallery, has been received with great pleasure. My long life, which has been devoted to art, is now drawing to a close, and you have smoothed its decline by awarding to my works a distinction which, but for your judgment, I would say was unmerited. For your labors in the collection and public exhibition of my pictures, and for the kindness which suggested the thought, you have my sincerest acknowledgements. I am also greatly indebted to the ladies, by whose taste and assiduity in the arrangement of them, so much has been accomplished. Whatever honors the occasion may gather around me, I willingly lay at their feet, as a tribute of my gratitude.

With great respect, I remain,

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES FRASER.

One great danger which has threatened our country, from the beginning, lies in the ardent, inconsiderate haste with which our young men of talent rush into *politics*.

Original taste and endowment are but slightly consulted in this matter. A despotic custom rules individual choice, and even moulds the original temperament. Every youth of independent fortune, who is also possessed of cleverness, thinks it his duty—his *mission*—to adopt some party-badge, to fight under some political banner—Democratic or Whig, Black Re-

publican or Blue. The notion of confining his ambition to the limited routine of a scholar's or author's life, he would dismiss as ridiculous and degrading. Thus the land is cursed with hordes of third-rate, fourth-rate, and tenth-rate politicians, who, in the tumult of angry collisions, and the disappointment of foolish hopes, lose all consistency of principle, equanimity of temper, and delicacy of honor. Many of these persons are men of fortune; others possess the amplest competency.

Now, such individuals might accomplish a world of good, as the patrons, if not themselves the cultivators of Art and Literature. And, if happiness is the object, or one of the objects, of human existence, can it be doubted that the avocations of the student, or the author, are immeasurably more likely to lead to this great end, than the unwholesome excitements of political ambition?

Politics, as conducted at present, is merely a game—a game in which the winner is not always—not often, perhaps,—an honest man. At best, it has degenerated from a science into a trade. Its purpose is no longer the direction of free government, the elucidation of national right, but the promotion of selfish, sectional, personal interest. Everybody is a politician: nobody a patriot. Now, why should gentlemen who have leisure, opportunity, talent, and property, defile themselves with the inevitable pitch from which scarcely a single phase of political labor is free.

Does not Art, in this country, stand in need of its Mæcenas; have we not men of genius, philosophers, and thinkers of every grade, whose fortunes might be advanced by the contribution of a hundredth part of the money squandered by rich men upon some useless and absurd election?

But placing this question solely upon the ground of *individual enjoyment*, we would ask which course ("other things

being equal") is likely to afford an intellectual man the truest satisfaction, the companionship of suggestive books, of sympathising scholars, of wise and pure thoughts, which are evolving themselves, perhaps, into some noble creative result of permanent, universal value; or the associations of hot and eager caucuses, and a continual, charming contact with the "Great Unwashed?"

It is a godlike power which masters men by reason, and raises its possessor to the governorship of a great people. It is a godlike power, likewise, which, at the crisis threatening a nation's existence, turns back the tide of ruin, and regenerates the national life. But such cases are extreme, and exceptional. Heaven-appointed genius, like this, is the one bright, consummate flower of a century—an age—a series of ages.

Our quarrel is with the politicians of to-day—the many intelligent persons in independent circumstances who waste fortune, health, time, everything of value, in the poor scramble for office; and who, with faculties which might be profitably and nobly employed in the higher sphere of learning, or authorship, are content to pass their days "in the ingenious study of self-degradation." But alas! convention is a sort of earthly Omnipotent! Insensibly we are drawn into the rapid current of present modes of opinion. The American genius is said to be, *par excellence*, political. No other kind of excellence is worthy the exercise of respectable endowments.

We heartily deprecate this folly. The adage, in reference to supernumerary cooks, applies, with equal force to other professions besides that of the *cuisine*. They are making a "hell-broth"—these politicians whose "name is legion"—of the rights, and the liberty of the people. The cauldron may happen to overflow, and then—why, then, as Mr. Reynolds is fond of exclaiming, "the scene may be better imagined than described."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Glancing over the recent periodical issues, both British and American, we have been struck with the fact that at least one half the *belles lettres* criticism is occupied with the review of new Poems. At no period of literary history has the rhyming mania been more intense, widespread, and persistent. We have been flooded with a deluge of verse—sentimental and metaphysical, religious and sceptical, trifling and profound. A noted characteristic of the "latter-day Bards" is their amazing facility. Their performances crowd upon and jostle each other, so that the very authorship of them becomes almost problematical on account of the natural difficulty of believing that effusions, so various and perpetual, are to be attributed to a single source. But the question arises, have the "latter-day Bards"—and we particularly refer to the Alexander Smiths, the Dobells, Masseys, Allinghams, Baileys, &c.—contributed anything vital and permanent to the literature of the age? We think that the "fatal facility" to which we have alluded is conclusive to the contrary.

The human mind being the same in all times, it is not to be presumed that Epics, nor for that matter, Lyrics, or Sonnets, can be properly constructed in a day. Inspiration ceased with the miracles, and it would be well for our modern songsters to recognize the fact.

Still, the arrogant self-confidence, the insufferable egotism, with which "the guild" seem to be affected, resulting in artistic infidelity and consequent inability, to consummate any art-products of exalted and recognized value are, thank Heaven! by no means universal. Here, for example, are two handsome duodecimos from the press of Ticknor & Fields, containing the "Plays and Poems" of George H. Boker, which we regard as works of rare and admirable merit.

To say that Mr. Boker is the best American Dramatist, might be considered as equivocal praise. In fact, he is the Dramatist of the country, and occupies the field without a rival. Isolated plays and tragedies of great merit, (as Mr. Simm's *Norman Maurice*, for example)

have been written, but to Mr. Boker belongs the credit of having devoted himself almost exclusively, and with singular success, to Dramatic composition. In so doing he has consulted the instincts of his taste and genius. To a vigorous and fluent imagination, he unites remarkable constructive power, and a really profound insight into character and morals. His style is fresh, nervous and idiomatic. In an age of mannerism and affectation, it is refreshing to encounter a writer so natural and so English.

Mr. Boker has evidently studied with deep reverence, and the most loving sympathy, not only the *works* of the great masters of English poetry, but the *philosophy* of their works.

He has fairly caught the spirit of Shakspeare, and the contemporary Dramatists.

"The spacious times of great Elizabeth,"

have moulded the fashion of his thought and language.

We find in his plays the same lucid directness of meaning, the same sinewy development of broad relations—and a generalizing study of man and nature. Nothing could be more in opposition to the sickly taste of the day than the simple and massive strength of Mr. Boker's writings.

They have not, consequently, received from the popular press a tithe of the applause which has been bestowed upon Poets of infinitely inferior force and art. A *New York Monthly*, which affects, we believe, to be the exponent *par excellence* of American literary claims, and whose Editors have exhausted the three luminous critical formulæ of the erudite Mr. Peter McGrawler, who have practised, we mean, to their own credit and the satisfaction of the public, the respectable arts of "tickling" "slashing," and "plastering," (the "slashing" process having been especially exercised at the expense of the South)—devotes a rather patronizing half-column to the "Plays" of Boker, while upon the very next page we have a lengthy and extravagant lau-

dation of the irreligious, vagaries, and morbid philosophy of the author of "Passion Flowers."

Elsewhere we have given a brief specimen of Mrs. Howe's style, so that our readers may form some faint idea of the absurdity of such commendation. We can readily understand that the admirers of this strong-minded lady would look coldly upon any production which united vigorous Saxon with healthy common sense, and a sound imagination.

The volumes before us contain four Tragedies, two Comedies, and a variety of miscellaneous poems,—conspicuous among which are some of the most artistic Sonnets that have been published in this country.

We have not the space for a special analysis of these Plays. The Tragedy of "Anne Boleyn," though venturing upon the domain of Shakspeare, and naturally challenging comparison with some of the latter scenes of "Henry VIII.," is a bold, striking, and successful performance, ably conceived, admirably managed in general construction, as well as in details—and full of grace, strength, and genius.

In a different vein is the mournful drama of "Francisca da Rimini," a remarkable instance of the author's power of pathetic description, and the subtle reach of his faculty of analysis. The scanty materials of the story in the *Inferno*, Mr. Boker has worked up into a narrative of thrilling interest, abounding in touches of nature, and informed by pure feeling and noble passion.

The interview, in the fifth act, between Francesca and Paolo, rises to the height of the loftiest eloquence and beauty, and the catastrophe, which immediately follows, is invested with a touching grandeur of fatality irresistibly affecting.

Had we the room, we should gladly quote the entire scene referred to; as it is, we can only afford to give our readers a glimpse of the genuine quality of Mr. Boker's works, by quoting this fine sonnet

TO ANDREW JACKSON.

Old Lion of the Hermitage, again

The times invoke thee, but thou art not here;

Cannot our peril call thee from thy bier?
France vapors, and the puny arm of Spain
Is up to strike us; England gives them cheer,

False to the child, that in her hour of fear,
Must be her bulwark and her succor, fain
To prop the strength, which even now doth wane.

Nor these alone; intestine broils delight

The gaping monarchs, and our liberal shore

Is rife with traitors. Now, while both unite—

Europe and treason—I would see once more
Thy dreadful courage lash itself, to might
Behold thee shake thy mane, and hear thy roar!

Ticknor & Fields, who deserve to be called the Poets' Publishers, have given to the world another work of peculiar merit, from the pen of *Richard Henry Stoddard*. It consists of a collection of the author's recent poems, many of them fugitive pieces, but distinguished by consummate grace of diction, a rare sensuous fancy, and an exquisite sweetness and melody of rhythm.

Among the younger writers of the country, Mr. Stoddard is pre-eminent as a faithful and consistent artist. He does not inflict upon the public crude, imperfect, and ill-considered performances, resting their chances of success upon isolated felicities of thought and expression; but *all* his productions (great or small) exhibit the proof of having been maturely pondered, and built up with watchful, elaborate, conscientious care.

In examining the work under review, which is entitled "*Songs of Summer*," we have been struck by its literal fulfilment of the Coleridgean definition of poetry.

"The best words in the best order," applying, as it does, however, to the mere *form* or machinery of art, is the least part of the commendation which these "*Songs*" deserve. The Muse which animates them is a sweet and subtle spirit. She is, by turns, quaint and familiar, sentimental and jocose, imaginative and metaphysical, passionate and contemplative.

The book may be compared to an artist's gallery, filled with miniature portraits of the characteristic features of different nations, and the various epochs of history. Here is an illustrative poem:

THE SLEDGE AT THE GATE.

LAPLAND.

I.

I would run this arrow straight into my heart,
Sooner than see what I saw to-night!
I harnessed my reindeer, mounted the sledge,
And skimmed the snow by the northern light.

The thin ice crackled, the water roared,

But I crossed the fiord!
I reached the house when the night was
late—
What's this? a deer, and a sledge at the
gate!

II.

The eyes of Zela are winter springs—
But the wealth of summer is in her hair:
But she loves me not; she is false to-night,
Or why are the sledge and the reindeer
there?

I threw myself down, face-first on the
snow—

"Let the false one go!"
She never shall know my love, or my scorn,
For I shall be frozen stiff in the morn!

III.

The sharp winds blow, and my limbs grew
chill:

I knew no more till I felt the fire:
They rubbed my heart, and they rubbed
my hands,

And my life came back with a dark de-
sire!

She spake kind words, and smoothed my
hair—

But the sledge was there!
"You may be two lovers, but I am not one;
I gave all my heart—I must have all, or
none!"

IV.

I mounted my sledge, and the reindeer
flew,

In the wind, in the snow, in the winding
sleet—

The snow was heavy, the wind like a knife,
And the ice like water under my feet!

The wolves were hungry—they scented my
track,

But I fought them back!
Give a Lapp an arrow, like this I hold—
And a faithless woman to make him bold—
He fears neither wolves, nor the winter's
cold!

The more lengthy and elaborate po-
ems, in this collection, prove that Mr.
Stoddard is not a mere exquisite lyrist,
but that he possesses breadth of thought,
and sustained executive as well as con-
ceptive vigor.

In proof of this, we would adduce the
remarkable story of "The Fisher and
Cheron"—probably the most subtle and
harmonious production in blank verse
ever published in this country.

But we have not the space, at present,
to do justice to our author's genius.
Hereafter, we design to review the writ-
ings of Boker and Stoddard, with some-
thing of the minuteness which is due to
works of such unquestionable merit.

Certain things we shall doubtless find

in both, upon which to vent whatever
spleen rests latent in our kindly critical
constitution.

Last in the trio of Poets to be noticed
in the present number, is the young Eng-
lishman, *Matthew Arnold*, a son of the
good and great Dr. Arnold, of Rugby.
His volume—re-published from the last
London edition—in *Ticknor & Fields'*
best style, has been reviewed by a cor-
respondent whose judgment, coinciding
in the main with our own, is thus tersely
and happily expressed.

It is really very refreshing to find
somebody, in this evil day of mannerism,
affectation, and obscurity, who is bold
enough to stand up and protest against
these abuses.

Thanks to Mr. Arnold, for his trenchant
defence of "English undefiled." But it
seems to us, that in his very proper detes-
tation of this manneristic school, Mr.
Arnold has, perhaps, run into the oppo-
site extreme of too great indifference to
verbal excellencies and the due polish of
expression. Hence, several of his read-
ers have pronounced his style peculiarly
bald and un-ornate. We will quote from
his Preface, (in which, after the fashion
of Wordsworth, he has written out his
theory,) his very significant argument as
to totality of effect: "We can hardly, at
the present day, understand what Menan-
der meant, when he told a man who
inquired as to the progress of his com-
edy, that he had finished it, not having
written, as yet, a single line, because he
had constructed the action of it in his
mind. A modern critic would have
assured him that the merit of his piece
depended on the brilliant things which
arose under his pen as he went along.

*We have poems which seem to exist merely
for the sake of single lines and passages;
not for the sake of producing any total
impression. We have critics who seem to
direct their attention merely to detached
passages, to the language about the action,
not to the action itself.* They will permit
the poet to select any action he pleases,
and to suffer that action to go as it will,
provided he gratifies them with occasional
bursts of fine writing, and with a shower
of isolated thoughts and images. That
is, they permit him to leave their poetical
sense ungratified, provided he gratifies
their rhetorical sense and their curios-
ity." (p. 17.)

Although the whole Preface is admir-
ably written, although we agree perfectly
with his doctrine, somehow we wish the
argument had not been published in this
volume. In the first place, because we
do not like argumentative prefaces to

volumes of poetry; in the second place, because Mr. Arnold has not done any thing in the way of illustrating the doctrine for which he argues. But the preface is valuable in its way, and we hope it will do much good.

This volume is a wonderful collection of very good and extremely bad poetry. "Sohrab and Rustum" is an admirable performance; it rises to a Miltonic grandeur occasionally, and places its author far above all the puling herd of complainers who call themselves "poets of the nineteenth century."—Parts of "Tristram and Iseult" are touchingly beautiful, and "Balder-dead" is very far from being balderdash. There is one part of this poem which affected us powerfully. When Balder dies, Hermod goes to Hela, to find out upon what terms he might be brought back to life, and Valhalla. Frea, mother of the Gods, answers, that if all "living and unliving things will weep" for him, he may be won back to heaven. Hermod announces it to the Gods;

"When the Gods heard they straight
arose and took
Their horses, and rode forth through all
the world.
North, south, east, west they struck,
and roamed the world,
Entreating all things to mourn Balder's
death;
And all that lived, and all without life,
wept."

With the same feeling which comes over one who watches a performer of some dangerous gymnastic feat, as he begins to jeopardize his life in his perilous task, we almost held our breath, with fear of a failure, as we read thus far;—but were re-assured by the following passage:

"—As in winter when the frost breaks
up,
At winter's end before the spring begins,
And a warm west-wind blows, and
thaw sets in—
After an hour, a dripping sound is heard
in all the forests, and the soft-strewn
snow
Under the trees is dibbled thick with
holes,
And from the boughs the snow-loads
shuffle down;
And in fields sloping to the South, dark
plots
Of grass peep out amid surrounding
snow,
And widen, and the peasant's heart is
glad—
So through the world was heard a drip-
ping noise
Of all things weeping to bring Balder
back." (p. 230.)

In the most prominent contrast to Arnold's very striking merit, we reluctantly must acknowledge he has written some atrocious stuff; it is really painful to read such jargon as that shocking thing called "Consolation"—indeed most of the shorter pieces are worse than even the ordinary sort of fashionable poetry. His larger poems, however, possess very great merit; and if Mr. Arnold will polish a little more, and avoid the extreme of indifference, into which he sometimes runs, we have no doubt but that he will soon stand at the head of the living poets of Great Britain. For natural power, with a peculiar sort of cultivation, he is already unrivalled.

Eadie's Analytical Concordance of the Holy Scriptures, an exceedingly fat folio from the press of Gould & Lincoln, Boston, has been prepared upon a plan different from that of ordinary Concordances, Manuals, and Text Books.

Its design is to present not a concordance of words, but of subjects. All those passages of scripture which relate to one subject are brought together under one general head, and then distributed under many subordinate heads.

In addition to this, there is an elaborate *Synopsis*, and also an *Index*,—embracing nearly two thousand leading words arranged in alphabetical order.

The system upon which this work has been prepared is to a great degree novel. Educated men of all tastes and pursuits will find it useful and instructive.

To Clergymen and Teachers, it ought to be an invaluable acquisition.

Seed-Grain for Thought and Discussion, is the rather affected title of a very excellent compilation by Mrs. ANNA C. LOWELL, of Boston, a lady, we should say, of extensive reading and reliable taste. The work, consisting of two handsome volumes, (*Ticknor & Fields, Publishers*.) is made up chiefly of extracts from the philosophical writers of our language. This plan has been pursued because the Compiler's object is rather to induce thought and elevate feeling, than merely to entertain. We are thus presented with the cream of a high order of literature, arranged in an inviting and judicious manner. To that large class of persons who have neither the leisure nor the inclination to make themselves critically familiar with the various works here referred to, we cordially commend Mrs. Lowell's selections.

They are calculated to excite and foster pure reflection and generous sentiment.

Mr. Charles T. Brooks has added an-

other to the numerous translations of Goethe's "*Faust*." The present version, however, possesses a decided claim to originality. It is an attempt to render the German master-piece into the exact and ever-changing metre of the original, to follow—as the author tells us—"the exquisite artist in the evidently planned and orderly intermixing of *male* and *female* rhymes, i.e. rhymes which fall on the last syllable, and those which fall on the last but one."

A faithful metrical translation of "*Faust*,"—carefully presenting the peculiarities of its mechanical structure—Heyward, and the authors of previous versions, both literal and paraphrastic, have stoutly maintained to be *impossible*. Impossible, doubtless it was, to them, and it must have been accompanied with peculiar difficulties, even to the versatile ingenuity of so accomplished a Prosodist as Mr. Brooks. But having succeeded in his design without sacrificing a jot either of "metre or meaning," the translator offers us a transcript of this great work, which, while it commends itself to the attention of scholars, cannot fail to impress upon the mind of the general reader a correct and vivid conception of its grand original.

Hour with the Mystics. A Contribution to the History of Religious opinion, by Robert Alfred Vaughan, (in 2 volumes, J. W. Parker & Son, London,) is a work which should certainly be re-published in this country. Will not our friends, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, undertake the task?

The author of this learned and deeply interesting *History*, is by no means himself a mystic, nor inclined to transcendental views. On the contrary, he possesses a firm sinewy intellect, and a style remarkable for its luminous directness and significance. His plan is simply to give an impartial and authentic abstract of the various Faiths, and systems of Belief which we term compendiously mystical; so far as in the end to impress upon the reader's mind a tolerably philosophical notion of the entire *Theologia Mystica*. The book is in the form of Dialogues between three friends, and displays an extent of research and profundity of observation, which, apart from the subject matter, are sufficient to render the work of value to all thoughtful spirits. It contains, besides, a mass of information upon a *recherche* topic which is not elsewhere to be found. But the chief charm and value of the *History* to our mind, lies in its careful exposition of the true character of *Mysticism*, and its effect, occult and open, upon the religion, philosophy and morals of mankind.

The author's definition of *Mysticism*

is "*spirituality diseased*." He maintains that although an error, it "has been associated for the most part with a measure of truth so considerable that its good has greatly outweighed its evil, and that on this ground alone its history should be judged of interest." He presents us with every extreme of mystical doctrine from the allegorical obscurities of the Hindoo *Bagvat-Gita*, and the ecstasies of Neo Platonism, down to the latest cloudy glimmer of German "theosophic moonshine."

But through all its strange revelations of spiritual extravagance and folly, we trace the workings of an aspiring Faith, a sacred and irrepressible passion for a communion above the bondage of the senses; in brief, the constant and vital presence of that upward-struggling principle, which, whatever its wanderings and errors—is ever seeking after the light, and bearing within itself the seeds of immortal life.

Messrs Little & Brown, of Boston, have been engaged for several years in the publication of a uniform series of the British Poets, modeled after the famous *Aldine* edition issued by Pickering.—We think that they have surpassed the original. The paper, at least, is fuller and finer, and what is of greater importance, the edition is more comprehensive. They have recently published the works of John Skelton, in three, and of Robert Herrick, in two volumes.

The former is probably the most obscure of the British Poets. He lived during the latter part of the 15th century, and though invested with holy orders, was, we are told, suspended by his diocesan for writing loose and profligate verses.

The interest attaching to his works at the present day, is wholly antiquarian.

With Robert Herrick the case is different. He has been well styled the English Catullus, and is beyond doubt the most graceful and spirited of the early Song-writers of his country. He, too, was a clergyman, and notwithstanding his "*Pious Pieces*," published in 1647, cannot be said to have magnified his calling in his poetry. He displayed a passion for taverns and wine-bibbing, and some of his best lyrics are Bacchanalian. Productions he has left, however, of a more serious kind, which do honor both to his genius and his heart. Among his pathetic songs we would specially instance the exquisite verses beginning

"Gather the rose-buds when you may,
Old Time is still a-flying, &c."

We are likewise indebted to Messrs. Little & Brown for an edition of Thomas

Moore—belonging to the same general series—in six volumes.

These are prefaced by an ample and candid Biography, and the annotations are elaborate and satisfactory.

The Publishers have been fortunate enough to secure for their edition the editorial and critical services of Prof. Child, of Cambridge University.

Although the *Saint's Tragedy*, by Chas. Kingsley, is not a recent publication, (it was issued about eight months since by Ticknor & Fields,) the power of the work is so great, and the attention it has received at the South so inconsiderable, that we have determined to present our readers with a brief analysis of its merits.

Ever since Mr. Carlyle's essays have become popular, it has been the favorite cant of the age, to talk about the advent of the "earnest man." Who or what this "earnest" individual is, or is to be, does not clearly appear. No definite signification attaches to the term. It may be applied with equal propriety to the boxer in the ring, the philosopher in the study. In fact it is comprehensive enough to cover the capabilities of a large class of Quacks and Impostors. Barnum, we take it, is a peculiarly "earnest" man; and so are Henry Ward Beecher, Professor Silliman, and a score of similar patriots we might mention, "earnest men." Turning to the realm of literature, however, there are one or two contemporary authors whose rare union of constitutional and mental vigor, whose unflagging enthusiasm and supremacy of will, afford us some insight into the true meaning of a term, which the transcendentalists have made as mystical as the secrets of the Cabala.

Undoubtedly, the chief of these authors is Charles Kingsley. He is too little of an egotist, too wholly a Christian gentleman, and, we may add, too eminently an artist, ever to be popular with the masses; and his boldness in speculation, and uncompromising hatred of conventional sophistry and falsehood, daringly and bitterly expressed, are not calculated to render him a favorite with the simply practical and worldly-prudent, who would rather swallow a camel in the way of effete social, or religious prescription, than strain at the merest gnat of a new idea, which may possibly be a very excellent idea notwithstanding. Kingsley has written all his works with a special object. They each display, interwoven with splendid imagination, vigorous, manly feeling, and gorgeous dramatic, or, perhaps we should rather say scenic, power—the workings of a moral process by which some of the gravest problems of human life are develop-

ed in their naked actuality—in the startling light of true relation, and a broad, manifold experience. Nothing, therefore, is further from the truth than the insinuation of Blackwood, that Kingsley is a reformer, of more ambition than judgment, who, shrinking from the straight forward logical formulas, decks a favorite theory in the garb of fiction, as an apothecary might seek to disguise a pill, of doubtful ingredients, in sugar or lemonade. On the contrary, the moral of all his novels, instead of being superficial, and consequently offensive, pervades the body of his narratives with a clear, fluent, unobtrusive persuasiveness, which gives to the outlying incidents a catholic vitality and value.

"The Saint's Tragedy," and the miscellaneous poems of which the volume before us is composed, present these qualities of the author's mind most conspicuously. The "Tragedy" is founded upon the legend of Elizabeth of Hungary, and is designed to show how disastrous is the conflict between the instinctive human affections, and the iron rule of superstitious faith. Elizabeth, the daughter of a king of Hungary, is betrothed to Lewis Langrave of Thuringia. She visits the Court of the latter, and early in the action of the drama, marries Lewis, who is represented as sincere and loving, but somewhat of a Dreamer. The Pope's Legate—Conrad—a narrow-minded bigot, and full of the fiery zeal of his age, soon after the union of the lovers, acquires a baleful influence over the mind of Elizabeth, persuading her that a surrender to mere human sympathies and duty, is a sin against God and the Church. This monk is a wily sophist. His "beggings of the question" may be monstrous, but the flaws of the argument are filled up with a very sufficient torrent of fine words and brilliant promises of beatification. His logic prevails, and Elizabeth, at the age of seventeen, goes forth into the world's thoroughfares, and haunts of wretchedness and iniquity—

"Clad in rough serge, and with her bare,
soft palms
 Wooing the ruthless flint."

Her self-abasement, her charity, the tortures she inflicts upon herself, are scarcely justified by the kind, or the degree of faith which she at this time possesses.

Her mind continues to waver between the God-implanted impulse of earthly love, and the requisitions of a besotted creed. The woman rebels sometimes, and the saint backslides towards "carnal affection." In some such mood she sings:

"Oh! that we two were Maying
Down the stream of the soft spring
breeze;
Like children with violets playing
In the shade of the whispering trees.

"Oh! that we two sat dreaming
On the sward of some sheep-trimmed
down,
Watching the white mist streaming
Over river, and mead, and town.

"Oh! that we two lay sleeping
In our nest in the church yard sod,
With our limbs at rest on the quiet
earth's breast,
And our souls at home with God!"

But these moods become daily less frequent and intense, and it is only when she learns from Lewis that he has taken the oath of a Crusader, that her womanly nature again asserts itself. Her father confessor appearing at this moment, the following stormy interview ensues:

"*Eliz.* (*Rising.*) You know, Sir, that my husband has taken the cross?"

"*Con.* I do; all praise to God!"

"*Eliz.* But none to you:
Hard-hearted! Am I not enough your slave?"

Can I obey you more when he is gone
Than now I do? Wherein, pray, has he hindered

This holiness of mine, for which you make me

Old ere my womanhood? [*CONRAD offers to go.*]

Stay, Sir, and tell me
Is this the out-come of your "father's care?"

Was it not enough to poison all my joys
With foulest scruples?—show me nameless sins,

Where I, unconscious babe, blessed God for all things,
But you must thus intrigue away my knight

And plunge me down this gulf of widowhood!
And I not twenty yet—a girl—an orphan,

That cannot stand alone! Was I too happy?

Oh, God! what lawful bliss do I not buy
And balance with the smart of some sharp penance?

Hast thou no pity? None? Thou drivest me

To fiendish doubts: Thou, Jesus' messenger!

"*Con.* This to your master!"

"*Eliz.* This to any one

Who dares to part me from my love.

"*Con.* 'Tis well;

In pity to your weakness I must deign

To do what ne'er I did—excuse myself."

Immediately after, Lewis repairs to the Holy Land, where he is subsequently slain. His wife, who has been meanwhile enduring intolerable hardships, takes refuge in the palace of her uncle, the Bishop of Bamberg. The Bishop says to her, (he being by no means an advocate of celibacy, and not liking to be burdened with a wo-begone niece:)

"Why not marry some honest man? You may have your choice of kings and princes; and if you have been happy with one gentleman, Mass! say I, why can't you be happy with another? What sayeth the Scripture! 'I will that the younger widows marry, bear children,'—not run after monks. and what not.—What's good for the filly, is good for the mare, say I.

"*Eliz.* Uncle, I soar now at a higher pitch—

To be henceforth the bride of Christ alone.

Bishop. Ahem!—pious notion—in moderation. We must be moderate, my child—moderate: I hate overdoing any thing—especially religion."

Nothing now can cure the poor widow's infatuation. God had taken away her husband; she at length, and as a final exertion of self-sacrifice, consents to surrender her children. It is done, and she retires into solitude and destitution, (where soon her wretched existence terminates), with these words upon her lips:

"All worldly goods and wealth, which once I loved,

I now do count but dross; and my beloved,

The children of my womb, I now regard

As if they were another's; God is witness,

My pride is to despise myself; my joy

All insults, sneers, and slanders of mankind;

No creature now I love but God alone.

Oh, to be clear, clear, clear, of all but Him!

Lo, hear I strip me of all earthly helps—

[*Tearing off her clothes.*]

Naked and barefoot through the world

to follow

My naked Lord."

Such is a bald and imperfect outline of the "Saint's Tragedy." It is a powerful and impressive drama, not successful, certainly, if judged by any criterion of stage adaptability, but full of noble poetry, of outgushing sympathies, of striking thought, and of manly, terse, and passionate diction.